

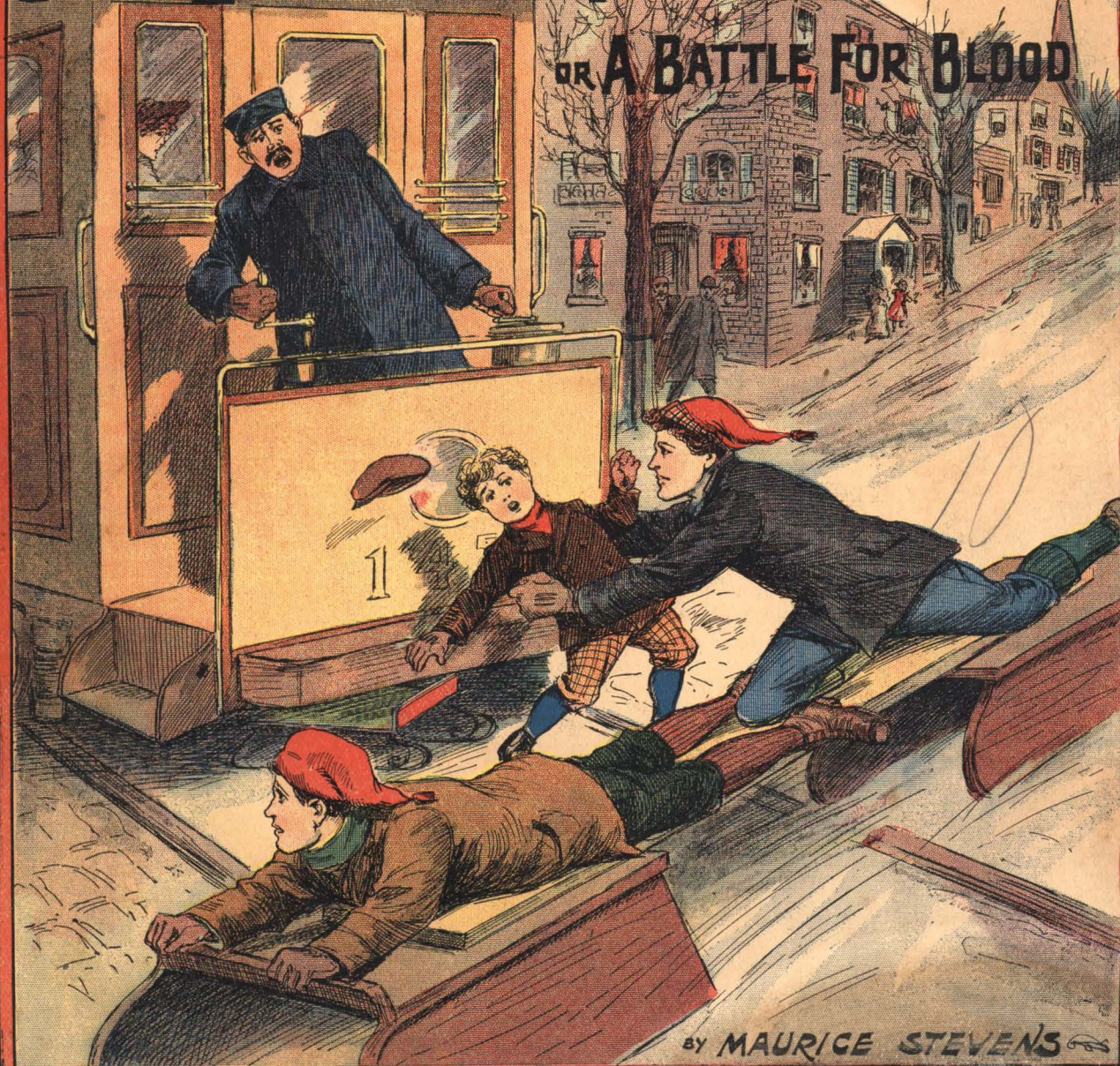
No. 54

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ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY

JACK LIGHTFOOT'S FIRST VICTORY

OR A BATTLE FOR BLOOD



Jack's double-runner flashed across the track as if it were winged, and just in time he snatched the little fellow from under the wheels of the car.

Publishers' Note. "Teach the American boy how to become an athlete, and lay the foundation for a Constitution greater than that of the United States."—Wise sayings from "Tip Top." There has never been a time when the boys of this great country took so keen an interest in all manly and health-giving sports as they do to-day. As proof of this witness the record-breaking throngs that attend college struggles on the gridiron, as well as athletic and baseball games, and other tests of endurance and skill. In a multitude of other channels this love for the "life strenuous" is making itself manifest, so that, as a nation, we are rapidly forging to the front as seekers of honest sport. Recognizing this "handwriting on the wall," we have concluded that the time has arrived to give this vast army of young enthusiasts a publication devoted exclusively to invigorating out-door life. We feel we are justified in anticipating a warm response from our sturdy American boys, who are sure to revel in the stirring phases of sport and adventure, through which our characters pass from week to week.

ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY

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JACK LIGHTFOOT'S FIRST VICTORY

OR,

A BATTLE FOR BLOOD.

By MAURICE STEVENS.

CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY.

Jack Lightfoot, who after proving himself to be the best all-round athlete in Cranford or vicinity, and a natural leader, had come to Seagirt to enter the academy there with the intention of fitting himself for college. Jack was a lad clear of eye, clean of speech, and, after he had conquered a few of his faults, possessed a faculty for *doing things* while others were talking, that by degrees caused him to be looked upon as the natural leader in all the sports Young America delights in—a boy who, in learning to conquer himself put the power into his hands to wrest victory from others.

Lafe Lampton, a big, hulking chap, with an ever present craving for something to eat. Lafe always had his appetite along, and proved himself Jack's loyal friend through thick and thin. He could also do a few other things besides eat, as the reader may soon discover.

Professor Phineas Chubb, principal of Seagirt Academy, a fat, pompous man.

Professor Titus Lazenby, his chief assistant, called Professor "Dry-as-Dust."

Lee Willis, a new student from the "sunny South," filled with a fine sense of his honor, and ready for "duels" and such things.

Ben Birkett, a youth who had once been Jack's bitter foe in Cranford.

Sidney Percival, **Kid Kennedy**, **Julian Glaze**, a trio of students who thought to take Jack down a peg or two.

Kitty Percival, a pretty girl whose acquaintance Jack made under peculiar circumstances, and who seemed to take a deep interest in him.

Tom Lightfoot, Jack's cousin.

Jubal Marlin, **Nat Kimball**, two of the Cranford boys.

Jim Bolt, **Pepper Brown**, **Alfalfa Leslie**, **Miles Long**, **John Lilio**, **Joe Jacklin**, **Magoun Tempest**, **Fleet Sockbasin**, students at Seagirt Academy.

CHAPTER I.

TALKING IT OVER.

A disgusted, chagrined, and ill-tempered set of young fellows gathered in Kid Kennedy's room. They had attempted to haze Jack Lightfoot, and the tables had been turned against them so completely that it made them feel sick just to think of it. In all the history of hazing at Seagirt Academy, nothing like it had ever happened.

They had captured Jack in his room in the dormitory, and had taken him to the railroad. There, in the darkness, they tied him to the rails, a short while before a fast express was due. Their purpose was to give him a terrible fright, but to release him before the moment of actual danger.

Jack had twisted out of the cords that held him; and then, with the aid of Lafe Lampton and a young Southerner, Lee Willis, the hazers had been frightened

off temporarily, and a dummy had been made and placed on the rails in Jack's place.

Before the hazers could get back, the engine of the fast express struck this dummy, hurling it from the track. The horrified hazers, beholding this, and believing Jack had been killed, and that they were responsible, had rushed wildly to the spot—only to discover that it was a dummy. And then Jack and his friends had risen out of the darkness, and had given them the "merry ha, ha!"

This was the thing that was now troubling Kid Kennedy and his followers, as they sat in his room and talked it over.

"Everybody knows about it, and everybody's laughing at us," said Sid Percival, twisting uneasily in his chair, while his face showed his distress.

Sid was a fair-haired, blue-eyed fellow, rather good-looking, and generally showing pretty good instincts; yet, under the domination of Kid Kennedy, performing acts he would not have thought of doing on his own initiative.

Kennedy was the master spirit. He sat now on the bed, at one side of the room, scowling—a dark-skinned, dark-eyed fellow, with a muddy complexion and jet-black hair. He was tall and well-formed, with broad, strong shoulders and long arms. His stiff black hair, which no barber could subdue, stood up from his forehead in a sort of pompadour roll, fierce and aggressive. Kid was fiery and daring, and ruled this crowd by the sheer force of his will power. As a man, he might have been a "captain of finance," or a fighting army commander, or an exploring sailor, or, in the old days, even a pirate of the Spanish Main. He liked to rule, could not brook rebellion in a follower, and carried things with an iron hand.

One of the edicts of the upper classmen was that no new student should remain unsubdued. If the new-comer was of a meek and unambitious spirit, he had little trouble; for then he showed a willingness to do whatever the upper classmen commanded.

The majority of the new students had been of that kind.

Yet with one new student the upper classmen had had a good deal of trouble right from the first, and this trouble had not ended when Jack Lightfoot appeared at Seagirt.

This troublesome new student was Lee Willis, who was himself of the fiery and untamed breed, and disdained to be ruled quite as much as Kid did himself. Willis was a Southerner, with the hot Southern blood forever bubbling in his veins; and when Kid and his

crowd began to order him about, and to tell him that he was but an angleworm, that he had no rights which an upper classman was bound to respect, with many other things like that, Lee Willis rebelled outright.

He had tried to make a stand against his tormentors; and, as a result, he had been hazed cruelly, had been subjected to insult and indignity, and had been tormented on every possible occasion.

Willis had raged against this with fiery courage. He had even challenged Kid Kennedy and Sid Percival, and others, to duels. For this, he had been simply laughed at. When he attempted to make an impression on their hard heads with his fists, he found that other fellows could use fists even better than himself, and had been whipped until he could hardly walk.

Yet he was not subdued.

When Jack Lightfoot arrived at Seagirt the same tactics were begun against him by the upper classmen. Then Kid Kennedy and his crowd discovered that they were rousing a young lion; for, at the very first attempt, Jack had struck Kid, and then had "knocked him out."

The hazing of Jack which followed was even a worse defeat for Kennedy and his friends.*

And now Kid and his followers were talking it over.

"The question is, What are we going to do about it?" demanded Julian Glaze, speaking to the disgruntled Kennedy.

A growl rumbled in Kennedy's throat.

"They'd better not come round me laughing," was his answer. "I'll show them some manners."

"It's all over town!" said Sid Percival, almost tearfully. "Even my sister has heard about it, and asked me if it was so."

Kid glared about the room.

"Anybody looking in here would think that you fellows had been to a funeral!" he grumbled. "Why can't some o' you smile a little, or laugh?"

A snicker came from "Alfalfa" Leslie, who hailed from the plains of Kansas.

In the room, in addition to those mentioned, were Jim Bolt, the young Canadian; Pepper Brown, whose home was in California; Miles Long, who came from one of the Central States; and John Lilio, the Kanaka, from the Hawaiian Islands.

Altogether, it was a mixed crowd, held together by the fact of class sympathies and by the dominating spirit of Kid Kennedy.

*See last week's issue, No. 53, "Jack Lightfoot's Hazing."

"Well, are we going to sit down, and take it?" snarled Julian Glaze.

"Not on your life!" said Kennedy.

"You're going to try hazing again?"

"I'm going to settle Lee Willis, first thing. He's too fresh."

"If it hadn't been for Willis, that thing wouldn't have happened," said Long dejectedly. "He's the fellow that scared us away from the track by making us think Professor Chubb was out there."

"Well, that was a good one, anyhow!" declared the boy from Kansas, whose name was Alfred Leslie, the boys changing the "Alf" to Alfalfa, the name of a clover that he once boasted his father raised on an enormous scale.

Leslie was a sunburned, light-haired fellow, generally good-humored and good-natured, but with a good deal of fiery temper hid away somewhere about him, which occasionally came to the front, and made him troublesome when aroused.

"You don't want to go saying that around—that it was a good one!" grunted Kid, giving Alfalfa a black look.

"And that's right, too!" chimed in Glaze.

"We want to deny the whole thing," said Kennedy. "We'll say that it's a lie. And as for Lee Willis, I'm going to settle his hash right off. When I get through with him, I'm going to take Jack Lightfoot down a peg. I haven't had a good fall out of him yet; but I'm preparing for it."

Jim Bolt's nose wrinkled in a queer way. He had seen Jack Lightfoot knock Kid down, and then had seen him fairly wipe up the floor with Kid, when the latter came at him again.

"You're going to make Willis fight you?" asked Sid Percival, whose faith in Kid was something phenomenal.

"Yes; and then I'm going to lick him till he can't stand."

"Good!" said Sid. "He needs it."

"He's going to understand that when we're having our fun with Lightfoot that it's not his call to chip in."

"And that other fellow—Lafe Lampton?"

"He'll be easier. But we'll settle with him, too."

"Lee Willis and Jack Lightfoot are the worst," said Glaze.

"Oh, I'll settle the hash of Willis!" declared Kid fiercely.

"When?"

"Just as soon as I meet him. I'll hammer his face off."

"And then you'll tackle Jack Lightfoot?" said Sid eagerly. "Say, fellows, we can double on Jack, and whale the very dickens out of him. That's the way to settle him."

Alfalfa looked at him with a grin.

"You seem to be purty fierce against a feller that saved the life of your sister!"

"Oh, cut that out!" cried Sid. "What if he did? Of course, I'm willing to give him credit for that. But does that mean that he's to be permitted to run things, or have things his own way here?"

"We might all of us just as well quit the school if he does," said Bolt.

"Just so," added Kennedy. "But he isn't going to have things his own way so long as I'm here."

"Bully for you!" cried Sid, and he clapped his hands.

The Kanaka had been saying nothing, though there was a smile on his dark face.

"Ain't you with us in this?" Kid asked abruptly.

"I-a have to be, don't I?" the Kanaka asked.

He spoke English well, but with a peculiar accent. He looked not unlike an Indian, as he stood there by the window, with the light falling on his dark face; yet he was too dark for an Indian. Some of the boys, when they wanted to "get even" with him, or say irritating things about him, called him a "nigger," a thing he resented hotly. He was trying fiercely to become an expert in American sports, and with considerable success. And when it came to swimming—ah! he was a fish!

"I-a stand with you, of course," he said, speaking slowly, as if choosing his words. "It is the class honor—to stand together."

"That's all right, then," Kid grunted. "We've all got to stand together, or be made the laughing-stock of the town, and the school. But I can handle Lee Willis all by my little lonesome; and I can handle Jack Lightfoot, too. He surprised me, when he got the upper hand of me the other night; but he'll not do it again."

"When's this hammering of Lee Willis to take place?" Alfalfa asked, with another grin.

Kid gave him an angry look.

"Say, you think it's funny!" he cried. "Or perhaps you think that I don't mean it! Well, all I've got to say to you is, take another think."

"Lam him good!" said Alfalfa, still grinning. "And

when you do it, gimme the tip, so's I can be there to look on."

"You're too fresh!" snapped Kid, not pleased.

"I tell you, it's as Kid says," put in Pepper Brown, the boy from California. "We've either got to put down these smart guys, or the whole school will have the laugh on us."

And that was the opinion of the whole of Kid Kennedy's following.

CHAPTER II.

BEN BIRKETT BECOMES TROUBLESOME.

Kid Kennedy was in an ugly temper when he went down to the lake the next morning. He had fully made up his mind to thrash Lee Willis, and so "teach him his place"; and it was his present purpose to insult Willis as soon as he met him, and thus force a fight. Later, he meant to "get even" with Jack Lightfoot; but Willis was the one who must first be subdued.

It did not improve Kid's temper when, on turning the bend in the road, he found Ben Birkett standing there, behind some thick cedars, apparently waiting for him.

"What do you want now?" growled Kid, unable to speak civilly to any one.

"I want to have a little talk with you?" said Birkett.

"And you've been waiting here for that, eh?"

"Well, yes, I have," Birkett replied, speaking almost as curtly, for Kennedy's tone was peculiarly irritating.

"What is it?" Kid grunted.

"I've been trying to help you out with Lightfoot, you know, and——"

"Yes, and a deuced pretty mess you've made of it!" Kid snarled. "After putting an anonymous letter against him on old Chubb's desk, you let yourself be overheard talking about it, and gave the whole snap away. I suppose you call that clever?"

"I wasn't to blame for that," said Birkett, flushing.

"Oh, you wasn't?"

"No. I was doing the best I could to help you fellows out."

"Well, I don't know that we need help of that kind," Kid sneered.

An angry light flamed in Birkett's eyes.

"I didn't make as big a blunder as you fellows did in that hazing racket!" he retorted. "That's all over town."

"Oh, is it? Maybe you've been helping to spread it."

"Nothing of the kind."

"But you've heard it?"

"Everybody has."

"Well, they'd better keep their heads shut! If any one comes round me talking about it, I'll settle his hash mighty quick."

"But Lightfoot got ahead of you that time, all right," said Birkett, with a harsh laugh.

Kid doubled his big fist, and advanced threateningly, with outthrust jaw.

"Better go slow on that!" he warned fiercely. "I ain't going to stand any guying about that."

"I didn't come down here to quarrel with you," Birkett declared, in a tone that was half an apology.

"No? What did you come for, then? I don't think I was wantin' to see you."

"But I'm sure I can help you."

"Oh, you can?"

"With Jack Lightfoot."

"And make another fool break doing it!"

"I know all about him, you know, for I was in Cranford with him; and I can give you tips about him that will be worth while."

"The only tip I want is to tip him on the nose with my fist, see? And that's what I'm going to do, first chance."

"I don't think he'll run away from you," said Birkett, unable to conceal his irritation.

"Oh, you don't? Well, I ain't wanting him to; I want him to stand up, and take his medicine; and you bet I'll give it to him!"

"He's out on the lake now, skating with Sid Percival's sister."

"What's that to me?" Kid demanded. But his face flushed.

"Nothing, perhaps. But see here, Kid. I don't want to quarrel with you."

"It won't be healthy for you to want to do that, I'm telling you."

"That's right, I guess. I don't want to quarrel with you."

"What *do* you want?" Kid demanded. "You was waitin' for me here?"

"I want some money," said Birkett bluntly.

"Out o' me?"

"I don't know who else to go to, and I've got to have some money. You fellows here have got plenty of it; and a few dollars from you wouldn't be missed."

"What am I to give you this money for?" Kid sneered.

"For the help I've given you."

"What help?"

"The help I've given you against Jack Lightfoot."

"Do you call that help—that bungling and blundering?"

"I did the best I could."

"And you want pay for it?"

"I want you to let me have some money. Call it a loan."

"Nit—I don't."

"You won't even lend me a few dollars?"

"Nit, I won't."

"Why not?"

"Because you wouldn't pay it back."

"You're able to lend it; you could if you wanted to."

"Mebbe; but I don't see myself doin' it."

Birkett stared at him, trembling, and the flush on his face deepened.

"You won't let me have anything?"

"Not a cent. And I ain't going to stand talking here with you. Get out of my road!"

"Kennedy!"

"Well, what is it?" Kid growled, stopping again.

"We might as well understand each other. I'm willing to help you against Jack Lightfoot—for pay. But if you throw me down in this way, then I go over to him, and do everything I can against you."

If Ben Birkett thought this threat would terrify, or influence, Kid Kennedy, he was mistaken. Kid took a step toward him, and then, catching him by the shoulder, he shook Birkett, as a big dog shakes a little one.

"Threaten me, do you?" he demanded fiercely. "Why, I'll slap the face off o' you!"

He threw Birkett from him.

"You're a coward!" said Birkett, pale as a sheet. "When I've——"

"I'm a coward, am I?" howled Kid, advancing on him. "Take that back!"

"No; I'll say what I've got to say. And that is that, after I've stood by you against Jack Lightfoot——"

Smack!

Kennedy struck him in the face, knocking him over against the cedar.

Birkett caught hold of the branches, and saved himself a fall. Blood trickled from his nose, staining the snow.

"You *are* a coward!" he said, backing away. "And I'll settle with you for this!"

"Settle now," said Kid, threatening him. "Why don't you settle now?"

"I'll settle with you for it, all right!"

Kennedy doubled his fist again. For a moment he seemed about to jump at Birkett, and the latter backed still farther away. Kennedy picked up his skates, which he had dropped on the snow.

"Bah!" he said. "You're not worth troubling with. Such help as you can give isn't worth having. I don't want help from a bungler like you!"

Birkett looked at him with a glare of hate as he walked off.

"That's all right!" he muttered. "I'm in hard lines, and I've got to jump the town soon. But I'll settle with you before I go!"

CHAPTER III.

KENNEDY AND WILLIS.

Kid's temper had not been improved by that encounter with Ben Birkett.

"Thinks I'll give him money, does he?" he grunted. "Well, let him take another think! The help of such fellows is worse than none at all. And he thinks I'll pay him for it!"

He sniffed the air with contempt.

He was in this humor when he met Lee Willis.

"There comes the other sneak!" he fumed.

Willis, though far from being a coward, might have avoided Kennedy that morning had the chance been given; but Kennedy was "spoiling" for a meeting. He walked straight up to Willis, his air threatening.

"I suppose you thought that was smart?" he said, stopping in front of him, and looking him angrily in the face.

The dark countenance of the Southerner became a brick-dust red. He hesitated, and then tried to pass on.

"No, you don't!" cried Kennedy, shifting his position to interpose his body. "You don't go on until I tell you what I think of you."

"I don't care to have any trouble with you this morning," said Willis, in a low voice that trembled a little. "There's a crowd on the lake, and—well, I don't care to be seen quarreling in public."

"No; you'd go round and do your work like a sneak!"

"I'm not a sneak," said Willis firmly.

"Then what are you?"

"I try to be a gentleman."

"O-ho! A what?"

"A gentleman! Something you'll never be."

"I won't, eh?"

"I don't think you could be."

Kid glared at him.

"See here," he said, "what did you chip into that business last night for?"

The red had faded out of Willis' face, leaving it unnaturally pale.

"This is a free country. I've a right to do as I please."

"Nobody gave you any right to interfere with my plans," said Kid menacingly. "I want you to understand that! I suppose you thought that was smart?"

"Yes, rather; it was clever. Everybody says that it was. It isn't often that the hazers get hazed, and the tricksters get tricked."

"Do you know what I've sworn to do to you?"

Kid doubled his fists, and stepped nearer, but Lee Willis did not retreat. His face was flushing again, and the anger he had tried to hold in check was beginning to boil.

"I don't take the trouble to think about you at all," he answered, with spirit.

"Oh, you don't, eh?"

"Certainly not. You're too contemptible."

Kid seemed about to spring at him, but held himself in with a mighty effort. He meant to whip Willis, as he had boasted; but not here. He wanted some of the fellows to be present, that they might see that it was done properly. He hadn't a doubt of his ability to administer the thrashing.

"Too contemptible, am I?" he snarled.

"That's what I said."

"Then mebbe this will increase your good opinion of me!"

One of his long arms swept forward, and he gave Lee Willis' nose a sharp tweak.

The latter, stung with rage, uttered a cry of pain, and then swung blindly at his insulter; but Kennedy stepped quickly back, and the blow struck only the air. Willis was about to fling himself at Kennedy, when he observed some ladies walking along the path in that direction.

In addition to the Southern pride and temper, Lee Willis had the Southern instincts of a gentleman. He pulled himself in with a mighty effort when he saw those ladies.

"You'll fight me for this!" he said passionately, but in a low tone. His face was again as white as a sheet. "I demand that you shall fight me for this!"

"Bah! I'll fight you!" said Kennedy, with an in-

sulting laugh. "That's what I pulled your nose for—to make you fight. You've showed the white feather, and I was afraid you'd show it again."

"I'll fight you!" said Willis. "I challenge you now! Name the place, the time, and the weapons, and you'll find me there, ready for you."

"Good!" cried Kennedy. "That's all I want—just a chance to knock your block off. Fight me to-night, in the dormitory, with fists."

"I'll fight you with swords—with pistols!" said Lee fiercely. "I'll kill you!"

"Fight me with your fists, like an American."

"Those ladies are coming," Lee warned. "Don't let them hear you. But I'll fight you with fists if you wish it, though that is a bruiser's and a coward's way to fight. But I'll meet you."

"See that you do!" said Kid.

Then he swung along, well satisfied with himself.

"Oh, but I'll pound his block off if he does meet me!" he was saying to himself.

With a sense of suffocating rage and humiliation, Lee Willis went on toward the academy grounds. He had noticed that Jack Lightfoot was on the lake, and he now wanted to see him.

He did not meet Jack until noon, and then he came into Jack's room, in the dormitory.

"Hello!" said Jack, greeting him with a smile. "Come in. Glad to see you."

Willis dropped into a chair, without speaking, and looked earnestly at the handsome fellow before him, noting the easy carriage, the clear, gray-blue eyes, and the firm face and mouth.

"Lightfoot," he said earnestly, yet with a trace of passion, "I want you to act as my second this evening, in a fight with Kid Kennedy."

Jack looked his surprise.

"A fight with Kennedy?"

"That's what I said."

Jack put down the book he had been reading.

"He insulted me this morning in a manner I can't forget nor forgive. He said he did it to force me to fight him. The coward refused to fight with swords or pistols, but insists on fists, just like a bruiser."

Jack smiled.

"Fists are all right, Willis."

"I don't think so myself," said Willis. "They're the weapons of a brute. I never learned how to handle my fists. If it was swords, now, or pistols."

"I'd prefer to act as your second in a fight with fists," said Jack, struck by Willis' earnestness. "You're not likely to kill any one, as with swords or pistols."

"It's been done, though."

"But you can't meet him if you don't know how to handle your fists," Jack urged.

"I've got to meet him! I'd meet him if I knew he'd kill me. He jerked my nose for helping you last night, and said he did it to make me fight him."

"For helping me, was it? I'd like to take your place, as principal in this thing. But see here, Willis, if you don't know how to fight with——"

"But I've got to meet him!" cried Willis passionately. "Can't you see that I must? Can I stand an insult like that?"

"And he'll pound you to pieces," said Jack. "He knows that, and that's why he insulted you, and now insists on fighting you with his fists."

"I expect him to whip me; but I'm going to fight him, just the same," Lee insisted.

"This is to-night, you say?"

"Yes, to-night."

Jack arose from his chair.

"Don't you know a little something about it?" Jack urged. "Stand up here, and let me see what you can do."

Willis arose reluctantly.

Jack faced him, with his hands at his sides.

"Now, see if you can hit me."

Willis stared.

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes; see if you can strike me in the face."

"But if I should hit you?"

"I give you leave to. Crack away now. Hit me in the face."

Willis lifted his fist, then hesitated, and let it fall.

"But I might, you know. I don't want to hurt you."

"Hit me in the face!" Jack commanded.

Willis swung for him; but, as his fist shot out, Jack knocked the blow aside with a quick motion.

"Come again!" he urged.

Stung by defeat, Willis swung again, and again Jack warded the blow off easily.

"Again!" he commanded.

Willis leaped forward, trying desperately now to land.

Jack evaded again, and this time, shooting out his hand, he touched Willis' cheek lightly.

"It won't do," he said, taking his seat again. Willis was panting and confused. "He'll simply pound you to pieces—he'll pulverize you. He knows it, and that's what he intends."

"But what am I to do?" Willis asked uneasily. "Am I to take his insults?"

"You'll have to, until you're able to meet him. If I'm near-by when he makes trouble for you, I'll tackle him myself. But you can see that you'll have to take your own part, if you're ever to have any peace with him, or any peace in this school."

"I'll challenge him again, for a fight with swords or pistols."

"And have him laugh at you, as he did before?"

"If he wasn't a coward, he'd accept such a challenge."

"People up this way don't look at it so, Willis. Dueling is frowned on here."

"But the bruiser style isn't," said Willis, with scorn.

"We have to take things as they are. Murder might be done with swords or pistols, and that's an ugly thing. In a fight with fists, one or the other of the fighters will get pretty badly licked, and that's all there will be to it, ninety-nine times in a hundred. It's the recognized way of settling things in this school, and in most other schools round here. And you don't know how to fight in that way."

"But I could learn!" cried Willis fiercely.

"Ah, there! Now you're coming to it! Yes, you can learn. And, Willis, that's what I'm going to teach you if you're willing."

"Can you?"

"I'm sure I can."

"But that won't do for to-night!"

"No, it won't. You couldn't learn in so short a time. I don't know what you can do to-night. If you meet him in the manner he wishes, he'll pound you up, and I don't want him to do that. But if you could get this thing postponed for a week or two I think I could put you in shape to meet him in that time; and I'd be glad to do it."

"We new students have got to stand together," said Willis anxiously.

"We have. There's no doubt about it."

"And so I came to you. You thumped him good the other night, and you're the only one of the new men who's been able to. But about to-night? I'll have to meet him, I suppose, even if he kills me."

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARRIVALS FROM CRANFORD.

If anything could have made Jack Lightfoot forget the stirring events through which he had passed re-

cently at Seagirt, it would have been this telegram, which he received that afternoon:

"Arrive Seagirt next train. Jubal with me. Meet us. Tom."

As soon as he read this, Jack made a dive through the dormitory corridors, and brought up in front of the door of the room occupied there by Lafe Lampton.

"They're coming!" he cried, as Lafe opened the door.

He flung the telegram to him.

"Say, this is great!" was Lafe's exclamation.

"Great—greater—greatest!" said Jack.

"You thought maybe Tom would come, but neither of us expected Jubal. I wonder how he managed it?"

"We'll find out when they get here."

They read the brief telegram again.

"It seems too good to be true!" Jack exclaimed.

"Jiminy Christmas! With those fellows added to our force, we'll be in shape to make things warm for Kid Kennedy's crowd!" cried Lafe, his sky-blue eyes shining.

"Old man, we will!" said Jack, with enthusiasm.

Though Jack knew that his cousin Tom was preparing to come to the school at Seagirt, he had not expected him before the end of the week. Tom had said, when Jack left Cranford for Seagirt, that he would follow soon, if he could; and a letter since had added that he was hurrying his preparations. Jack's departure for the Seagirt preparatory school had produced a marked effect on school matters in Cranford. All of Jack's old friends there would have been glad to follow him to Seagirt, if the thing had been possible; and many of the boys who attended the Cranford Academy would have gone, too, if the way had opened.

There was not much work or study on the part of either Lafe or Jack that afternoon, after the receipt of that welcome telegram; and they hurried together down to the station before the time of the arrival of the train.

As they stood together on the platform, and saw Tom and Jubal descend from the car, they swung their caps, and gave the old Cranford yell, and made a rush forward.

Then they were given an added pleasure; for, right behind Tom and Jubal, came little Nat Kimball.

"Wow!" Jubal squalled, when he beheld Jack and Lafe. "By time, I know yeou fellers wasn't lookin' fer me; and I didn't know I was goin' tew come, nuther, until yistiday! Put 'er there! Whoop!"

Tom and Nat were as delighted, even if they did not express themselves so uproariously.

"Tell yeou how 'twas," said Jubal, relinquishing his grip into the hands of Lafe Lampton, who had reached for it. "Yeou remember that farm daown in Maine that was left me by my uncle—that old farm, that was all hills and rocks? Well, by jacks, that's what done it! Wouldn't never have thought of it, nuther, would ye?"

"Glad to see you, too, Nat!" Jack was saying, as he shook Nat Kimball's hand with warm pressure. "We didn't expect you."

Jack's tone and manner indicated that this made the pleasure all the greater.

Nat grimaced, and shrugged his shoulders.

"The trouble is, I can't stay," he began. "I've got to go back home to-morrow, or next day. I'm just a visitor—just ran down for the fun. Gee! I wish I could stay!"

"So do I," Jack answered. "That's too bad! Why can't you stay?"

"Well, I ain't rich, you know; that's the chief reason. If I could fall into a gold-mine, as Jube did."

Jubal Marlin was recounting his great good luck.

"That pesky farm, yeou know," he was saying; "well, naow, who'd ever thought it? Faound a mine on that farm, by gum!"

"That's right," said Tom. "Behold the new millionaire, Mr. Jubal Marlin."

"Not a millionaire," said Jubal, grinning; "but purty comfortable, yeou bet! And the kind of a mine I wouldn't never thought of; and I bet yeou wouldn't, nuther."

They were moving along the platform together, all talking at once.

"My guess is that you found a valuable stone quarry, or marble-yard, or something like that."

"Well, from the amaount of stun on that farm, a feller might be expected to open up abaout every kind of stun quarry there is; but, by hemlock, 'twan't a quarry—not one o' them kind."

"It was a mine, I tell you!" said Nat, with jubilation, delighted with Jube's good fortune.

"A mine?" said Jack. "What kind of a mine could you find in the rocky hills of Maine?"

Jubal pulled a little wallet out of his coat pocket.

"Look at that!" he exclaimed, opening the wallet, and displaying some shining gems. "Know what them air? Take a look at them!"

All looked eagerly, even Tom and Nat, who had looked at them many times.

*See No. 32, "Jack Lightfoot, Archer; or, The Strange Secret an Arrow Revealed," for the story of how Jubal Marlin came into possession of this farm.

"What are they?" asked Lafe, staring. "They're not diamonds, or rubies, nor——"

"Tourmalines!" said Jubal proudly. "They're wuth abaout as much as diamonds and rubies, some on 'em. Well, by gravy, they opened up that kind of a mine right amongst them rocks on my farm. It was a stunner! Man come daown to me a month ago, nearly, and says he to me, sez he: 'What'll yeou take for that land?' 'She ain't fer sale,' says I.

"Two weeks ago, same man was back again. 'I'll give yeou a thousand dollars fer that farm,' says he. 'She ain't fer sale,' says I. By jacks, I seen he was anxious, and then I knowed there was a hen on, though I didn't know the complexion of her feathers, ner couldn't guess.

"A week ago he was back ag'in. 'I'll give yeou five thousand dollars fer that farm,' says he. Then I knowed that the hen was settin' good and hard, and that she was coverin' gold eggs and wearin' diamond feathers! 'I'll see yeou later!' I says to him.

"Then I jumps the train, and goes up there; and I faound aout that a tourmaline-mine had been opened up on the adj'inin' farm, and that this feller, by prospectin' raound, had faound one on my land. Say, I was wild! He was there, and seen me. 'I'll give yeou ten thousand fer her,' says he. 'Nope,' I answered, 'that ole hen ain't fer sale at any figgers; I'm goin' tew see myself what she'll hatch.'

"Well, 'fore I come away, the man offered me fifty thousand fer her; and I wouldn't sell. Naow a company's bein' formed to work her, and they say I'll git two hundred thousand aout of it 'fore the thing's through, and mebbe more."

"You're in luck!" cried Lafe; "Jiminy crickets! but you're in luck!"

"And those came out of that mine?" Jack asked.

He recalled that rocky farm, where the stones were so numerous that there seemed no room for the land.

"Nope," said Jubal; "they're jist samples; the ones bein' taken aout o' my mine ain't been cut and polished yit, 'cept this one; I had a hurry job done on that, jest fer the purpose of showin' it to yeou."

He exhibited what was really the finest tourmaline of the lot. It was a gem of a lovely violet color, almost as valuable as a diamond, and even more beautiful.

Jack was more delighted with Jubal's good fortune than he could express. He inspected and reinspected the gems, and told Jubal over and over what a "lucky dog" he was.

"Well, I've had a hard enough time," said Jubal. "And naow I'm goin' to take it easier."

"He's going to retire to the shades of Seagirt," said Tom.

"Goin' tew fit myself fer college," said Jubal proudly. "That's what I've allus been wantin' tew do, but didn't never expect tew git there. The only thing that's troublin' me naow is them dadgasted examinations. If I was through with them, I'd be happy. I'm afeared I'll fall daown when I tackle them."

"Oh, they're easy," said Jack.

"Mebbe, fer fellers like yeou and Tom; but fer fellers like me, that played more'n they've studied, I dunno. I'm afeared I'll stub my toe ag'inst some o' them algebraic rules, and take a header. But, by jacks, I'm goin' tew make a try fer it, anyhaow!"

"Good for you!" said Jack.

"Why don't you admit the truth, that you're here because Jack is?" said Nat mischievously.

"Yeou say that jest because if yeou had come that's what would a brung yeou!"

"Well, maybe it is."

"You're just in time, you fellows, for some fun to-night," Jack announced, as they set out along the street, to walk to the academy. "There's going to be a masked party on the ice here to-night."

"Good!" cried Tom. "Something like we used to have at Cranford?"

"Not as fine as that, I'm afraid. There's going to be no particular illumination, nor anything of that kind, more than that the fellows are to start some bonfires on the edge of the lake. But there will be a lot of skaters out, most of them masked, and we can count on some fun. You're just in time for it."

"Whoop!" cried Jubal. "Good luck's fallin' aour way in whole chunks."

CHAPTER V.

A RESCUE.

Kid Kennedy was out by the trolley track when Jack came up the road to Seagirt Academy with his friends.

"I wonder who's that bunch?" was his thought.

He heard Jubal cackle out one of his loud laughs.

"A cheap mob, I guess! Friends of Lightfoot, anyway."

That of itself was enough to condemn them.

An hour or so later, he saw Jack and his friends come from the campus, and walk again along the road.

They went down to the lake, and then over toward the town.

When they came back, they joined some boys who were coasting down a steep street to the trolley track.

"A cheap mob, just as I thought," muttered Kennedy, when it seemed that Jack and his friends had joined the coasters in their sport.

Kennedy was on his way to the lake now; but he stopped at the point where the steep, snow-covered street ended at the track. And there he stood, watching Jack and his companions. Kennedy would not have acknowledged the strange interest he felt in these newcomers.

Then he beheld something which made him think, afterward—when he took time to think about it—that Jack Lightfoot was certainly a favorite of fortune.

Jack and Tom had borrowed, or hired, a double-runner, and were coasting on it down toward the trolley line.

What is called a bob-sled in some places is called a "double-runner" in New England. It is a double sled, one sled before the other, with a long board fixed along the top, this board being the support on which the coasters lie at full length as they coast down the steep incline of snowy road or hillside.

The snowy street was being used by the boys, and by some girls, as a coasting hill, and it was as slippery and steep as a toboggan slide; so that it was great fun to start at the top and shoot almost like a rocket to the bottom of the hill.

There was only one serious danger connected with this fascinating sport here, and that was caused by the fact that the trolley line ran at the base of the street, and the sleds shot across the track before they were brought to a halt.

Jack and Tom Lightfoot were now shooting down that hill on the flying double-runner. Tom was in front, and Jack, stretched out, right behind him, was trying to steer the double-runner with his feet.

Unless some obstruction was encountered, not much steering was required. All the coasters needed to do was to hang on and let the double sled go at full speed—and sometimes it went like the falling stick of a rocket.

Just now the danger which has been mentioned in connection with this slippery street was forcibly impressed on the minds of the coasters and the spectators.

A trolley-car came flying along.

Jack Lightfoot and his cousin Tom, being experienced, would probably have been able to turn their double-runner to one side of the street and stop it, with

no more peril to themselves than a wild spill; but just in front of them, and going with a speed almost equal to their own, was a single sled bearing a small boy.

The boy did not realize his danger—that his sled would be upon the track just in front of the trolley, or would collide with it; or, if he recognized it, he was not able to stop or control his sled.

It was this that kept Jack Lightfoot from trying now to turn his double-runner aside.

There was not much time for thought. In almost the twinkling of an eye the boy's sled was on the track in front of the car, and had been struck and drawn under, and the boy seemed about to share its fate.

Kid Kennedy was frozen to his tracks with horror, and so apparently were the other spectators near at hand. No one moved to assist the boy; though the motorman was making frantic efforts to stop the car and save the child.

Then Jack's double-runner flashed across the track as if it were winged, and, just in time, he snatched the little fellow from under the wheels of the car.

Kid Kennedy seemed to awake as if from a trance, when he saw that heroic deed. Then he walked forward, with the others, and was in the crowd that swarmed from the car and surrounded the boy.

The latter was crying from fright, and because his sled had been crushed, and Jack and Tom were trying to soothe and quiet him.

"What's your name?" Jack asked. "It won't be hard to get another sled."

"But—but—father said if I used my sled I—I shouldn't ever—ever have another," the boy whimpered.

"Oh, he'll think better of that, I guess! What's your name?"

"Billy Ch—Chubb," the boy answered, in a choking voice.

Jack looked surprised.

"Your father is the principal of the academy?"

"Y—yes; and—and he said I shouldn't have another sled if I came here to slide."

The boy did not seem to realize that he had escaped death by the narrowest margin; his thoughts were on that broken sled and his fears that he would not be permitted to have another to replace it.

When the car went on, after the conductor and motorman had delivered themselves of some spleen over the dangerous coasting on that hill, and the boy was lugging away the pieces of his broken sled, Jack chanced to notice Kid Kennedy, who still lingered.

"I didn't know Professor Chubb had a boy like that," he remarked to Kennedy.

"There's a good many things you don't know, I guess!" was Kennedy's ungracious answer; and then he walked away.

CHAPTER VI.

FOOLING KID KENNEDY.

"A pleasant fellow that," said Tom, looking after him.

"Yes, that's Kennedy, the fellow I've been telling you about."

"So that's him, is it?" inquired Nat Kimball, who, with Jack's other friend, had hurried down the steep road. "I've spotted him; and you bet I'll know him to-night."

"Do you think you can fool him?" Jack asked, laughing.

"Fool him! Well, I'll have some fun trying it, anyhow!"

In order to take time by the forelock, Jack had gone early that afternoon to the home of pretty Kitty Percival, intending to ask the privilege of escorting her to the lake that night.

But when he arrived there he had met Kid Kennedy at the gate, and they went into the house together. Kennedy had come for the same purpose, and with the similar intention of taking Old Father Time by the "forelock" and so getting ahead of Jack.

Kitty's fair face flushed, when she saw the two young fellows come up the walk together, and then she dropped into a chair, laughing. But when she admitted them at the door her face was straight enough, and she greeted them soberly.

"You're going to the lake to-night?" asked Jack, speaking first.

"We're all going—father and mother, and Sid and I. And I'm to be masked, and will dress as a Dutch girl; the kind that go skating on the canals of Holland, you know. It's going to be great fun. You'll both be there, of course."

Kitty, being a good deal of a diplomat, did not intend to offend either Jack or Kid by accepting the company of one or the other.

Jack saw this, and took himself off as soon as possible.

After Nat Kimball's arrival Jack concocted a scheme which he thought over with much silent laughter, and then took a car for the heart of the town of Seagirt.

When he came toward the academy again he had a bundle under his arm and his plans were all made.

Lafe and Nat were lounging in Jack's room when he came in.

"Glad you're here," he said, speaking to Nat. "I've got a scheme for you to work out."

He closed the door, and then spread the contents of the bundle on the cot.

"A woman's clothes!" said Nat.

"Yes; the costume of a Dutch skating girl, with everything complete. It's for you."

"For me?"

Nat stared in surprise.

"For the masquerade on the ice to-night."

"Oh, I see!" said Nat, beginning to examine the garments. "Say, that's all right! Are all you fellows going to masquerade to-night out there?"

Then Jack laid before Nat his scheme.

"I want you to spot Kid Kennedy," he said, "so that you'll be sure to know him and even to recognize his voice. Now, I've got a confession to make to you, and I don't want you fellows to laugh at me. I went down-town to-day to see if I could beat the time of Kid Kennedy and get the company of Sid Percival's sister to that masquerade. I found that she's going with her father, and mother, and Sid."

Lafe dropped back on the cot with a gurgle.

"Oh, mama!" he cried.

Jack's face had flushed.

"That was all right, wasn't it?"

"What about Kate Strawn and Nellie Conner?" Lafe demanded.

"I'd be glad to take either of them if they were here, but they aren't."

"Wow!" grunted Lafe, kicking out with his heels. "Jack Lightfoot, the Masher!"

Jack laughed.

"Close up that fly-trap!" he begged. "I'm talking to Nat."

Then he went on explaining to Nat the situation and his wishes.

"Kid Kennedy will be watching on the lake for a girl masked and costumed as a Dutch skating girl."

"And so will you be!" cried Lafe.

"What if I am? He's sure to be. Now, I want you, Nat, to wear this costume and this mask, and make him think that you are Kitty Percival."

"Cracky! I'd do it in a minute, if I could," said Nat.

"I'll show you how."

"He knows her voice, and I couldn't fool him," Nat objected.

Jack dived into a pocket and brought up some slips of paper written on with a typewriter.

"Here you are," he said gaily.

Nat took them, with Lafe looking on, and found that here were typewritten answers to a great variety of possible questions, as well as some comments which were not answers to anything in particular.

"Well?" said Nat, puzzled.

"You're to show him this one first," said Jack, "and when you've done that you won't need to speak a word, for he'll understand that you've added to your assumed character."

Then Nat read:

"I am playing dumb to-night, just for the fun of the thing. Ask me anything you please, and I'll answer you in writing, if I can. I thought this would be a great lark."

"Oh, I tumble!" said Nat.

"Oh, say, this is a shame!" laughed Lafe, waking up to the possibilities of the situation. "But there will be a certain girl red-headed when she finds it out."

"Kitty?"

"Sure thing."

"I'm going to risk it. Nat's just the right size and height, and he's clever enough to work this thing out in great shape, and I know it."

It was this scheme Nat referred to after he had seen Kid Kennedy down by the car track.

When Jack, and Lafe, and Tom, and Jubal went down to the lake that night, issuing disguised and costumed from the dormitory, Nat Kimball was not with them; he was already down by the lake, dressed in the Dutch costume which Jack had hired in town; and Nat was watching closely for the appearance of Kid Kennedy.

Before he saw Kid he saw Kitty Percival come out upon the lake, in her Dutch costume. Sid was with her—or Nat supposed that the young fellow with her was her brother Sid—and then, in a little while, he saw her skating alone.

At about the same time he became aware that Jack Lightfoot and the other Cranford boys had arrived from the dormitory.

"Oh, this is great!" thought Nat. "Now, if I can only work the thing through to a success!"

The bonfires began to flame on the shores, and the arrivals at the lake increased rapidly in numbers.

Then Nat, having learned previously what costume

Kid Kennedy was to affect, saw Kid come down to the edge of the lake and there adjust his skates.

Nat now skated out upon the ice, where the light of one of the bonfires fell full upon him, and knew he was seen at once by Kennedy.

In another minute Kid was coming toward him.

Nat braced himself for the ordeal, laughing silently, and fingered the prepared typewritten slips furnished by Jack Lightfoot.

"Oh, say! he'll kill me if he tumbles to my game," was Nat's thought; yet he laughed again, and skated slowly along. "I'll make him believe I've recognized him and am waiting for him to join me; and that will make him hug himself with joy, thinking he's getting ahead of Jack. Oh, this is a shame—a measly shame! What would Kate and Nellie say if they knew it? If I tell some things I've learned here when I get back to Cranford, those two girls will scratch my eyes out. 'Howling mackerels!' as Ned Skeen would say, I believe he's going by me—going to give me the shake—the cold frappé!"

But Kid Kennedy did not go on by; he merely swung round in a half-circle, in order to impress on "Miss Kitty Percival" his skating qualities, and then approached.

"Glad you're alone!" he said, in a low tone, as he came up. "I was afraid some one would be with you."

Nat did not answer.

"Oh, I know you, Kitty! I couldn't make a mistake, after you told me what your costume would be. And you look stunning in it, too!"

Nat skated at his side without a word.

"Going to pretend that you aren't the girl I think you are, eh?" said Kid. "But what's the use? I know you—you're Kitty Percival!"

Nat put a hand into the pocket of his Dutch dress and took out a slip. He had them arranged in such order that he could pick out the one he wanted without trouble. This slip he thrust at Kid Kennedy.

Kid stared and took it; and, seeing that it was writing, skated into the light of the nearest bonfire.

Then he read:

"I am playing dumb to-night, just for the fun of the thing. Ask me anything you please, and I'll answer you in writing, if I can. I thought this would be a great lark."

Kid gave the pretended Dutch girl a keen look, and was satisfied. Nat answered to the picture he had in his mind of Kitty Percival in masquerade.

"Oh, all right," he said, putting the slip in his pocket. "You didn't tell me about that, you see."

Nat handed him another slip, which read:

"I thought of it later. It's just a lark, you know!"

"All right," said Kid, quite satisfied to be near Miss Kitty under whatever circumstances. "We'll have to keep alongshore to get the light of the bonfires. Got a lot of answers ready, have you?"

Nat handed out a slip which read:

"Yes."

This he took back, for he might wish to use it again; it was quite likely that he would say "Yes," to Kid's questions many times.

"What made you think of it?" asked Kid.

Nat had in effect answered that, and did not reply.

"Well, it's a clever idea," said Kid; "something new, you know! Why didn't you let me bring you to the lake to-night? I suppose it was because Jack Lightfoot popped in at the same time with me?"

Nat gave him back the slip marked, "Yes."

"I wish you'd cut that fellow out of your acquaintance list," Kid grumbled, not expecting an answer. "You seem to be giving me rather the cold shoulder since he came." Then he added: "What's the reason?"

Nat hesitated on this answer, and then handed out a slip:

"Just for fun!"

"Not much fun for me," Kid grumbled.

They were skating close together, near the shore, where the light of the bonfires glowed redly. Off at some distance, mingling in the crowd, but where they could watch this bit of play, were Jack and his friends.

"Oh, this is a shame, a measly shame!" sang Lafe Lampton; "to play Kid Kennedy such a game!"

"Not so loud!" Jack warned.

"What do you like about the fellow?" Kid demanded; a question to which, under the circumstances, he did not expect a reply.

Nat hesitated a moment, and handed out this slip:

"It's such a joke!"

Kid read it and stared, then chuckled.

"You're doing it for a joke?"

"Yes," came the answer again.

"You'll throw him down after awhile?"

Nat had taken back that "Yes;" but now handed it again to Kid.

"Well, that makes me feel better," said Kid, with a grim laugh. "I was beginning to be a little uneasy. I thought maybe just because he happened to be lucky enough to help you that morning on the trestle that you'd taken a fancy to the fellow. I don't think he's such-a-much, myself."

This slip came from Nat as an answer:

"No."

"I think he's a cheap mut."

"Yes."

"You do, really?"

"Yes."

"Oh, say, I'm glad of that!"

"Yes."

"You didn't really intend to give me the shake for him?"

"No."

Kid skated still closer to the side of "Kitty Percival."

"You know how much I think of you, Kitty," he said, in a low tone; "and I'll admit that it broke me up when I thought maybe I was to be turned down for that guy from Cranford. But if you're merely playing him it's all right. I wish you'd bump him hard, and do it soon. The fellows think you're in earnest and have thrown me over, or mean to. Even Sid is puzzled, and don't know what to think of it. He doesn't like this new guy any more than I do."

Nat handed him a slip.

"I know it."

Kid Kennedy became even more tender now, and reached out and took hold of Nat's hand.

Nat was small of frame, and had small, slender hands. Fortunately, they were gloved that night, or Kid Kennedy might have discovered that they were calloused by gymnasium work. The gloves hid that. Kid squeezed softly the hand of the supposed girl.

"This is like old times," he said. "You let me call you sweetheart once! You remember that time?"

Nat merely nodded.

"I hoped you hadn't forgot it! I want you for my sweetheart again, you know. You don't mind if I call you sweetheart?"

Nat had got tired of handing out slips, and nodded his head to show that he didn't object to being called "sweetheart."

"I really think you're the prettiest girl I ever saw," said Kid, with enthusiasm.

Nat returned the pressure of his hand with much warmth, thus encouraging him to go on.

"Sweetheart," said Kid, with increasing courage due to that warm hand pressure, "when I look into your blue eyes"—Nat's were black, mind you!—"I'm sure I never saw such lovely ones! You don't mind if I tell you that?"

Nat almost snickered; yet, with great gravity, he shook a "No," with his head.

Kid seemed to want to pinch Nat's hand off after that, such was the warmth of his pressure.

"You wouldn't let me say these things to you that other time, you know. You were a bit cold, you know, or shy. I wish I could see your sweet face."

Nat made a swift motion for a slip of paper. Jack had prepared one which Nat had never believed he would have use for; and he handed it forth with a suppressed chuckle:

"I'm blushing now."

Kid stared at it; then laughed in a pleased way.

"Say, this little masquerade of yours is great! But, really, I think I'd rather hear your voice. I'm going to keep these slips forever and ever."

Nat had another slip which just suited this for an answer:

"I want you to."

"You've got a whole pocketful of answers already prepared?"

"Yes."

"That's good—that's deuced clever; I wonder you ever thought of it! But say, sweetheart"—his voice became tender again—"I wish you'd throw that Cranford fellow over right away. I don't like it, you know, even if you are just guying him. The fellows make remarks about it, for they know that I've spoken of you as my best girl, and it makes the thing look sort of queer, you know—as if you had thrown me down for him. Give him the go-by, won't you—just to please me this once?"

Nat had another answer that fitted:

"I'll think about it."

"Good—that's good! Throw him down hard! I don't think he really cares anything for you; it's just to tease and spite me. He knows it makes me mad—furious mad. If you could see the lugs he's putting on. Why, he thinks himself better than any fellow in the school!"

"Kitty Percival" nodded to show that "she" fancied "she" understood the situation.

"Sid is hot against him; just as the rest of us are. It won't do to let a new man come in and fancy he can run things. He's got to be taken down, you know, and taught his place. He can't be permitted to think that he's superior to the older students—to those that have been longer in the academy."

Nat did not answer this; and Kid swung back to his tender lay again; and began to tell Nat what a beautiful girl he was, what rosy cheeks and bright eyes he had; growing bolder and bolder as Nat evinced

pleasure in this by his nods and the answers he passed out.

Nat was getting at the end of his answers and was beginning to wonder what he should do; the time for unmasking not having arrived.

They reached the end of the lake, and swung back over the ice, side by side.

"If I could see your face just once!" said Kid. "Here's a bonfire, and not many people. You wouldn't mind giving me just one look, sweetheart—just one?"

Nat did not answer.

Kid squeezed Nat's hand again.

"I ought to have stolen a kiss back there, where it was so dark, and I've half a mind to here, before we come to that bonfire!"

Nat did not answer.

Emboldened still further by this, Kit bent toward the disguised boy and tried to "steal" that kiss.

Nat pushed him away, playfully; and then skated on, with Kid pursuing.

"Just one kiss, sweetheart!" begged Kid.

Nat stopped and faced him.

"Just one!" said Kid.

He caught Nat boldly by the arm, and, drawing the disguised boy toward him, attempted to snatch the kiss.

But, as he did so, Nat whisked his mask aside, and stood there before him, grinning.

The light was poor there, but it was good enough for Kid Kennedy to see that he had been badly sold.

Nat's loud and irritating laugh broke on the air.

Kid stood reeling for a moment, his face flushing to a deep wine-red, and then paling white; then he leaped at Nat with an oath, and would have struck him full in the face if Nat had not jumped out of his way, and then fled swiftly.

Kid Kennedy pursued in a wild fury; but Nat was a good skater, and whizzed at top speed toward a group of skaters that he believed held Jack Lightfoot and his friends.

Nat was right in this belief, and gained the group before Kennedy could overtake him; which was a good thing for little Nat, for in his rage Kennedy would have punished him severely.

Kid stopped with his skates grinding, as Nat joined that crowd.

Then Jubal's hoarse laugh bellowed on the air, Jubal being joined in his laugh by the others.

Kid stood there reeling, his face a wine-red under the flare of the bonfires.

He seemed about to speak; then choked back the words, and skated away.

"Gee! but he'll have it in for me now!" said Nat.

And then he began to recount the sweet things that Kid had said to him.

"Wow!" howled Lafe. "This is rich! But if it ever gets to Cranford I don't know what Nellie and Kate will say! Jack's cake will be dough in Cranford."

Jack was wondering what Kitty Percival would say when she knew of it.

"There'll be murder done here to-night, or to-morrow," said Tom, in jest. "Kid Kennedy will kill somebody."

CHAPTER VII.

KID TAKES IT OUT ON WILLIS.

That night, after the masquerade, Jack counseled Lee Willis not to meet Kid Kennedy in a fight, urging that Kennedy would beat him to a pulp.

"Make him wait until you're ready to meet him," was Jack's advice. "He'll sneer at you, and all that; but there's no use fighting him when you know you'll be whipped."

Willis seemed staggered by this advice; but finally he affected to accept it.

"You'll show me a few things," he urged.

Jack took off his coat, and had Willis do the same, and then put him through a bit of pugilistic practise.

"If you'll let me train you for a week or so you can meet him with some hope of whipping him," he said. "Just let him rage and froth till then; and then go up against him and knock the packing out of him."

But that night Lee Willis met Kid Kennedy, in one of the dormitory rooms. Kid was in a frothing rage, and, finding some one to fight, he fairly pounded Lee, just as Jack knew would be the case. Lee had thought it would be unmanly not to meet Kid; and that was the result.

Lee was a bleeding wreck when the "mill" ended; he had had no show from the first; but he was unconquered, and in his rage he wanted to get up and fight Kennedy again.

"You're a big coward!" he cried hysterically, when he was held back, and Kid said he would not fight him further.

"I don't want to kill you!" said Kid fiercely.

"Kill me!" cried the hot-headed Southerner. "You can kill me, but you can't whip me!"

He was fairly crying.

"Bah! you're hot stuff!" Kid sneered.

"Let go of me, fellows!" begged Willis. "He says I'm whipped, but I'm not; let me go, I tell you, and I'll show him that I'm not whipped."

But they held him.

"I don't want to kill you!" said Kid again; but he said it with a sneer of contempt that drove Willis wild.

"I'll kill you!" he screamed, beside himself with rage. "You'll meet me again, and I'll kill you, you great big bluff! You haven't whipped me, and you can't whip me!"

"Hear the bulldog roar!" said Kid, laughing, as he put on his coat. "Hold him, fellows; for if he gets at me I'm done for."

"You will be done for, before I'm through with you!" Willis fumed, in his rage. "You great big swell-head, you think you've got courage, when you've only got——"

"Got what?" asked Kid, coming toward him again. "Got what?"

"You've got putty in your head, instead of brains; that's what you've got!"

"Bah!" sneered Kid; spitting at him; and then he went on putting on his coat. "Go somewheres and learn to fight, and then I'll talk with you. I could break you in two if I wanted to."

"I'll fight you with pistols, or with swords!" Willis raved. "You coward, you don't dare to meet me with weapons."

"Bah!" said Kid, in a tone to drive Willis insane.

"Willis, you're a hot tomale," said Kid, as he prepared to leave the room; "I don't think that you've got even putty in your head; all you've got is hot mush!"

CHAPTER VIII.

JACK ACCUSED.

Jack Lightfoot had gone down through the campus, accompanying Nat Kimball to the car line, for the academy rules did not permit any one to occupy the dormitories who was not a student, or a prospective student, and Nat had to seek some place down-town for the night.

After seeing Nat safely on board one of the cars bound for the town, Jack returned, walking slowly. He was about to ascend to his room, when in the darkness on the snowy walk he beheld a prostrate form. He hurried to it, and found that some one, who was presumably a student, had fallen there insensible.

Jack struck a match; and its light revealed the white face of Kid Kennedy. Kid's head was bloody, and there was blood on the snow.

Jack's low call for help brought Lafe Lampton, who had been awaiting him.

"Better summon some of his friends," said Jack, "and we'll get him to his room."

Lafe hurried away, and was soon back with Julian Glaze and Jim Bolt, both of whom had witnessed that "mill" between Kid Kennedy and Lee Willis, but a few minutes before.

"Willis did that!" said Glaze, angrily and uneasily. "Yes, let's get him up to his room. We can carry him."

Then he looked suspiciously at Jack and Lafe.

"You didn't knock him down here?" he said to Jack, speaking bluntly.

"Am I a fool?" Jack retorted. "I found him here, as I was on my way to the dormitory."

"Then it was Willis. Let's get him to his room quick."

They carried Kennedy up the stairs and along the corridor, and then into his room, placing him on his cot there; and then they began to work over him.

Glaze, who was anxious and pale, summoned some of Kid's friends.

"I think it was Willis who did it," he said, in the corridor, as he explained what had happened. "Kid was lying on the walk not far from the door, and somebody had beat his head in with a club. Lightfoot saw him there and gave the alarm."

"Lightfoot?"

It was Pepper Brown who spoke.

Then they followed Glaze into the room—Pepper Brown, the Californian; Alf Leslie, the boy from Kansas, and Miles Long, the big fellow from the middle West.

They saw Jack and Lafe working over Kid, in an attempt to restore him to consciousness.

Jack now took the lead in the work that followed, directing what should be done; and so successful was his efforts and his suggestions that after awhile Kennedy showed signs of returning consciousness.

"If he was my friend, I'd have a doctor," he urged. "And I advise you to send for one without further delay."

"And get all of us into trouble!" said Glaze, voicing the general objection.

"Well, we can't tell how badly he's hurt, and a doctor ought to be had," Jack insisted.

They refused to send for a doctor, or telephone for one, for they were not yet willing that Chubb should know of that "mill."

But after Jack had gone away they talked it over,

while Kid Kennedy still lay in a condition of partial unconsciousness; and then they sent a messenger to Chubb, and a doctor was summoned by telephone.

Jack did not know that a doctor had been called, but he sat up a long while that night, discussing the matter with Lafe, and Tom, and Jubal, in the seclusion of his room. Lights had to be out at ten o'clock, and it was already past that hour; but they still sat there, with the window heavily blinded and a hat over the keyhole of the door.

"They think it was Willis who struck Kennedy," Jack had said. "I couldn't find out why they seem so sure of that, for they wouldn't talk much about it."

"It's a wonder they didn't accuse you," Lafe had answered.

He sat on the edge of the cot, munching an apple.

"Glaze did, in effect; he suggested to me that I did it."

"If they prove it on Willis, it will go hard with him," Tom remarked.

"Chubb will chuck him out of the academy likely," said Lafe.

"It wasn't Willis," was Jack's positive assertion.

"How do you know that?" asked Lafe, taking a bite of apple.

"It isn't his style. He was crazy to fight him to-night, but he'd never lay for him in that cowardly way."

"Well, by gravy, he might; yeou can't never tell!" was Jubal's conclusion.

"He seems to be pretty seriously hurt," said Tom, referring now to Kid Kennedy.

The next morning Jubal was up early, and came hammering on Jack's door.

When he was admitted to the room he entered with flushed face and anxious air.

"What's up?" Jack inquired, rolling out of bed. Jubal's manner told him that something had gone wrong.

"By granny, I been up prowlin' round, and it's reported that Kid Kennedy's goin' to die!"

Jack was almost too astounded to speak.

"Where did you hear that?"

"Some o' the fellers was talkin' it over out there on the walk. They're out there now. Take a look."

Jack took a look from the window, and saw Julian Glaze, Miles Long and the Kanaka.

They dispersed before he could overhear anything; and he dressed quickly and went down-stairs.

The dormitories were stirring, and here and there an early riser could be seen. The morning was cold

and foggy, and the trees looked like ghosts in the misty air.

Jack strolled about with Jubal, hoping that Lee Willis would come down soon, for he wanted to have a talk with him.

Before Willis appeared, a puffy, red-faced man came up from the car line, having dropped from a car there. He looked keenly at Jack and Jubal, and for an instant seemed about to pass on, turning toward the walk that led to the office of Professor Chubb.

"Perhaps Professor Chubb isn't up yet?" he said, in a tone of inquiry. "I've been sent up here to interview a student called Jack Lightfoot. Perhaps you could tell me where to find him."

The statement was a surprise, but Jack instantly acknowledged that he was the person sought.

The red-faced man gave him a sharp scrutiny, and then drew a folded paper from his pocket.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Lightfoot," he said, "but I am a police officer and I have an unpleasant duty to perform; permit me to notify you that you are under arrest, charged with a murderous assault last night on a student here named Walter Kennedy, commonly known as Kid Kennedy."

Then he read the paper he held, which was a warrant for Jack's arrest.

Jack's face had flushed to a burning red. The thing was a shock, from which he could not readily recover.

Jubal was indignant.

"That's the worst ever!" he sputtered. "Why, I'm knowin' to the fact that Jack didn't do that! I was with him most o' the time, myself!"

"I'm not the trial officer, understand," said the red-faced man. "I've done my duty. Mr. Lightfoot, I shall have to ask you to go with me."

"Where?" said Jack, taken aback.

"Well, you'll have to go with me down-town, to the office of the magistrate who issued this warrant; and then if you can furnish bail——"

"You'll let me send word to my friends?"

Jubal started at a run, to summon Tom and Lafe.

When they appeared they were indignant.

"This thing is an outrage!" said Tom angrily. "Who ordered Jack's arrest? Some of the students?"

"No, the doctor who was called in last night. He knew the students would do nothing of the kind; but from the way they talked he believed that Jack Lightfoot was the guilty party, and he swore out this warrant. I'm only here to carry out the orders of the court. If there's been a mistake, it can be rectified, but

I shall have to insist that Mr. Lightfoot goes with me."

"We'll all go with you," said Lafe; "but we can swear that Jack had no hand in that, and knows nothing about it."

When they appeared before the magistrate, at an unseasonably early hour, finding him apparently waiting for them, Tom offered bail; and, having convinced the magistrate that he was good for the amount of the bond required, and that Jack himself was good for it many times over, Jack was permitted to return to the academy with his friends, to await the time for a formal investigation into the ugly charge that had been brought against him, which would be the next day, or as soon as Kid Kennedy was able to go to the court-room to testify in the case.

CHAPTER IX.

BEFORE PROFESSOR CHUBB.

Kid Kennedy was so much better before noon that he was able to leave his bed, and shortly after the noon hour he appeared on the campus, looking pale and weak, with a white cloth round his forehead and tucked up under his cap.

Before this happened, Jack had had an interview with Lee Willis, in which he learned of the fight in the dormitory, and of the wild threats Lee had made there against Kennedy.

Lee acknowledged that he had been a fool in meeting Kennedy, and a bigger fool for threatening him in that crazy manner. His excuse for this second offense was that he had been almost too angry to know what he was doing at the time.

"But I never laid for him, or struck him, nor did I see him after I left that room!" he averred; and Jack knew that he told the truth.

"It's a wonder I wasn't arrested, instead of you," he said.

"It is," said Jack; "though I think I now know why the blow was aimed at me."

Jack had jumped to the correct conclusion, that the doctor who had been driven to that indiscreet act had been deceived into doing it by Kid Kennedy's friends. They had consulted together before the doctor was summoned, and their talk before him had been guided with the purpose of making him think Jack the guilty one, and that if an arrest was not made without delay Jack would "jump the country."

Jack saw Kid Kennedy himself, not long after his conference with Lee Willis, and approached him. Ken-

nedy gave him a black look, and would have walked on.

"Just a word with you, Kennedy," said Jack, stopping him.

"What do you want?" Kennedy growled; but he halted.

"Now that you're able to be about," said Jack, "and know what has been charged against me, I suppose you'll say the word that will turn this suspicion away from me."

Kennedy scowled. His face was pale and drawn, and he seemed to be suffering.

"Why should I?" he asked.

"Because you know that I didn't do it."

Kennedy looked at him coldly, yet craftily.

"I think you did, myself!" was his blunt statement.

"You haven't any cause to think that," Jack urged.

"Haven't I?"

"Of course you haven't?"

"Then, who did hit me?"

"I can't answer that."

"You're the very dog that done it!" said Kennedy, his pale face flushing. "And I'm going to see that you're not only put through for it, but that you're kicked out of the academy."

Having said this, and shown his angry spite in saying it, he walked on.

As a reader of character and faces Jack Lightfoot had a natural talent. He saw that while making this angry speech Kid Kennedy did not at all believe he was the one who had struck that cowardly blow; and yet he saw that Kennedy meant to insist that he did, for the sole purpose of seeing him expelled from the school which he had just entered.

And he knew how that would please Kennedy and his crowd. They had had things pretty much their own way until Jack came, and then they had run up against a young fellow who could not be bluffed or frightened, but had been able to take care of himself in a manner that alarmed them. Kennedy had seen that his influence would receive a severe jolt if Jack Lightfoot could not be "tamed" and remained at Seagirt. He would be glad to have Jack kicked out of the school before he became even more troublesome.

Before attending the first lecture of the afternoon—for Jack went right on with his school work—he was called before Professor Chubb.

On entering Chubb's office in answer to the summons, knowing in advance why he had been summoned, he found Professor Lazenby there with Chubb, apparently as Chubb's adviser and backer.

"Mr. Lightfoot," said Chubb, lifting his big form in his big chair and hooking on his eye-glasses, "it's hardly necessary to say why I have sent for you. You know what charges hang over you in the magistrate's court, to the disgrace of the school. I have been informed that the preliminary examination of those charges will not be made until to-morrow, in order to permit Mr. Kennedy to be there to give his testimony. He tells me that you attacked him in the darkness last night and struck him on the head with a club."

"He lies; and when he says that he knows he lies!" was Jack's vehement declaration.

Chubb looked at him calmly through his big eye-glasses.

"Of course, Mr. Lightfoot, if it should be shown that you did so attack him, we should be compelled to expel you from this school. Already, as I'm sorry to say, some things have happened which makes us fear that you are going to be troublesome here. I merely say this as a warning, and without judgment for the present in regard to this other most serious matter."

Chubb's tone was not as severe as Jack had expected it to be.

"Professor Chubb," he said, speaking as calmly as he could, "will you permit me to tell you just what I know about this matter?"

"Cheerfully," said Chubb. "We shall be glad to learn all we can about this unfortunate affair. I have already heard Mr. Kennedy's story."

He looked at Jack earnestly, while Jack stated all that he knew.

"But there has been fighting, Mr. Lightfoot?"

"I saw no fighting last night, myself."

Chubb looked as if he doubted this, but he did not say so.

"Mr. Lightfoot, there is just one other thing I wish to mention," he said. Jack observed that his voice softened. "And that is in reference to my little boy, Billy. But for you, I'm told, he would have been killed by a trolley-car at the base of the hill, while he was coasting. I've forbidden him to go there, but he disobeyed me. What I want to do now, is to thank you for that."

Chubb's fleshy face had reddened perceptibly, and his voice softened still more.

"Mr. Lightfoot, if boys and young men would only obey! They won't, and they get into a vast deal of trouble and not a little danger. But I wish to thank you for that. That is all, now."

Jack felt better when he came out of that office than when he went in. He had almost forgotten that inci-

dent of the rescue of Billy Chubb from the wheels of the trolley-car.

Yet he saw that even that would not save him, if by lies this charge were sustained against him, even though by his heroism on that occasion he had done much to raise himself in Professor Chubb's estimation.

Chubb believed in discipline, and not even his gratitude could make him deviate from what he might consider at the moment his duty.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHALLENGE.

Jack went down to the lake after school hours. Tom was with him, and so were Lafe and Jubal. Little Nat had taken the train back to Cranford, regretting his inability to stay longer, but declaring that he would not have missed that "masquerade" on the lake for anything.

Lee Willis joined Jack's crowd at the edge of the campus, and walked along with them.

It is hardly necessary to state that the subject of their conversation was the mysterious assault on Kid Kennedy, together with the fight which had preceded it. Willis' head and face were skinned, and showed big patches of court-plaster. He had not attended lectures or classes that day, and a part of the time he had remained in bed. Chubb had questioned him, and so had Lazenby.

"If I had struck him, I wouldn't have denied it," he said stoutly.

"He doesn't charge you with it!" objected Tom.

"No; but if I had done it I shouldn't deny it. He whipped me last night—or, rather, he pounded me up pretty badly—but I'll fight him again, rather than take his insults."

When they reached the lake they found some members of Kid Kennedy's crowd there, though Kid was not present himself, being in bed in his room. Kennedy's friends were practising ice hockey.

Lafe Lampton took out an apple and began to nibble it, as he came upon the ice.

"You fellows are hot stuff!" he observed, as Julian Glaze made a swift drive at the puck.

"Well, we think we can play some," was the sharp answer.

"If we had some Cranford fellows here that I could name, we could wax you," said Lafe lazily.

He dropped down on the edge of the ice, and seemed too indolent to take much interest in the subject, even though he had made that bold statement.

"Oh, I don't doubt they can do any old thing up at Cranford!" sneered Miles Long.

He was a tall, awkward fellow, fair of face, with broad shoulders showing tremendous strength. "They grow big men out where I come from!" was one of his boasts.

"Cranford, I'm told, is the one place in the country where they know everything, and do everything," remarked Jim Bolt.

Bolt, who was a Canadian, was really a fine skater and a great hockey player.

"They do a few things, and know a few things," said Lafe, undisturbed.

Tom and Jack stood by, with Jubal, watching the skating and the hockey practise, but taking no part in this talk.

But now Jubal fired up, for he did not like Bolt's words and tone.

"By gravy, we've got a hockey team up there that could daown anything yeou could put on this ice!" he shouted.

"Oh, have you?" said Bolt skeptically.

"Yeou don't believe that?"

"Of course I don't."

"Well, by gum, I jest wish they was here tew show ye!"

"I've heard braggarts before," said Bolt coolly, in a way to make Jubal's face very red.

The hockey practise went on, with the Cranford boys and a number of others watching it.

The puck came skipping toward Lafe, and Jim Bolt plunged after it.

"I think I heard you say something to the effect that at hockey you fellows could down about anything that could be put on this ice," Lafe remarked serenely.

"We've done it so far," said Bolt.

"Is your team here?"

"No; Kennedy's the leader, and he isn't here."

Jack moved nearer the speakers, his skates on his arm.

"Jack, challenge 'em!" said Lafe, his sky-blue eyes snapping with sudden fire.

Jack laughed.

Bolt sneered.

"This isn't Cranford!" he said pointedly.

"If I had my team here——"

"What?" said Glaze, coming up and overhearing Jack. "Your hockey team, you mean? What would you do if you had it here?"

"If it were here, and your captain was here, I might challenge you for a little try at ice hockey this afternoon."

"Better go learn to play the game first," said Glaze, with an angry flush.

"These Cranford fellows think they're the whole thing!" said Bolt.

"Did you ever see such gall?" remarked another.

Jack's face took on a redder hue. These remarks were aimed chiefly at him.

"My team isn't here—there are only four Cranford fellows here."

"Good thing for you!" said Glaze. "It makes a good excuse for you. The only thing you fellows can do is to make a big bluff!"

Jack felt Lee Willis tug his arm.

"We can make up the rest of the team from among the new students; I know them, and some of them can play pretty well. If you fellows——"

Jack turned back to Bolt and Glaze.

"Have either of you a right to receive and accept a challenge?"

"Sure thing!" said Bolt, though he stared a little. "I'm captain when Kennedy is away."

"Then I challenge you here and now to a game of ice hockey!"

"Where's your team?" said Bolt, sneering.

"I've got four fellows. Willis will make the fifth, even though he's not in good condition, and I'll pick up the others."

"You mean you'll pick up a team here on the ice and beat us with it? Go cool off!"

"You're afraid to accept the challenge!" said Jack, his voice trembling.

All the hockey players left their practise work and began to gather around the speakers.

"Bah!" cried Bolt. "You fellows can put up a bigger front than any lot of guys I ever knew."

"A bluff, is it?" said Lafe, leaping to his feet and throwing away the core of his apple. "Accept that challenge and you'll find it's no bluff."

"Hello, Rip Van Winkle's waked up!" Glaze exclaimed. "Why, Fatty, you can move around, can't you?"

"What do you say to that challenge?" Jack asked.

"Let's see your team—you haven't got any team!" cried Sid Percival, who had come now into the crowd.

"Here's five, and the others can be had. I'll pick them from the new students who are right here. You upper classmen think you're the whole cheese and that you're the only ones who know how to play ice hockey; and we'd like to show you a few things!"

"They think they're the only skaters on the ice!" added Jubal, with a grin. "By cracky, I've seen swelled heads before, but never any that was doin' sich a hat-bustin' business as this lot."

"We challenge you," said Jack, "and we'll defeat you. We'll play you right here and now, and if you beat us we won't whine about it; though we expect to hear a good deal of whining when we beat you."

CHAPTER XI.

A BATTLE FOR BLOOD.

"Play 'em!" said Julian Glaze angrily, speaking to Jim Bolt.

"What's the use?" said Bolt. "Why should we pay any attention to a lot of Jays from Jayville?"

"They're just talking through their hats!" exclaimed Pepper Brown.

But when Jack Lightfoot reiterated his statements and his challenge, in words that stung to anger, Bolt suddenly declared that he and his men would play the "Jays from Jayville," and simply rush them off the ice.

"Select two of the best men you've got," said Jack,

speaking to Lee Willis; and Lee beckoned to two young fellows, who came forward eagerly enough.

The first of these was Joe Jucklin, a red-headed, raw-boned, freckle-faced chap, who was said to hail from the Tennessee mountains, and who had no particular love for Lee Willis, the rather aristocratic Southerner, but was yet ready to do what he could to assist in taking down the pride of the upper classmen.

The second was Magoun Tempest. Tempest was short and chunky, eccentric in some of his manners, and with yellowish eyes that had a queer, hot gleam in them at times. Jack's quick judgment told him that Tempest was wild and reckless on occasion; in short, that he sustained the reputation of his name pretty well.

"We'll eat 'em up," said Tempest, though he laughed as he said it.

"Well, suh," said Jucklin, "thar ain't nuthin' that I'd lack betteh'n teh wallop the waddin' out'n this stuck-up crowd."

He, too, laughed; yet he meant what he said.

Jack drew aside with this material for his hockey team, and soon had his list ready, written on a slip of paper.

When Jim Bolt presented his, the line-up of the two teams was seen thus:

JACK LIGHTFOOT'S.	POSITION.	JIM BOLT'S.
Lafe Lampton.....	Goal	Miles Long
Joe Jucklin.....	Point	John Lilio
Magoun Tempest.....	Cover-Point	Alfalfa Leslie
Tom Lightfoot.....	Right Center	Sid Percival
Jubal Marlin.....	Right Wing	Fleet Sockbasin
Jack Lightfoot.....	Left Wing	Julian Glaze
Lee Willis.....	Left Center	Jim Bolt

When Jack saw the name, "Fleet Sockbasin," he looked sharply at the one who answered to it. This fellow had taken no part in the talk that led up to that fiery challenge, and Jack had hardly observed him until this moment. Now he saw a yellow-faced, athletic-looking youth, whom he recognized at once as a half-breed Indian.

He was later to know that Fleet Sockbasin was of the ancient Penobscot tribe, the remnants of which make their home at Old Town, in the State of Maine. They are guides, hunters, workers in basketry and Indian curiosities, and now and then send some representative out in the world of the white men. Sockalexis,

famous a few years ago as a baseball player, was of this tribe.

Seagirt Academy was noted as a preparatory school, and drew students from many parts of the country, and thus its student body was rather a cosmopolitan aggregation.

Jack had challenged passionately and somewhat angrily, and now he began to fear that he had possibly challenged hastily. But he was not going to show that fear.

"Fellows," he said, having drawn his men to a little distance, where he could talk to them freely, "if we're defeated, it will go hard against us."

"We ain't beat yit," observed Jucklin.

"No, and I don't think we shall be. What I want to ask is, that you fight this game as you never fought any game in your lives."

"We'll make it a game for blood!" cried Tempest, the reddish spots in his yellowish eyes seeming to become more noticeable. "By ham! I've got it in for them chaps, on account of the way they've done me."

"I'm sure we can win this game," Jack went on, "for this reason: Those fellows are too confident. They're good players, I don't doubt; yet they think we aren't. If we surprise them, by showing them that we can play, we'll rattle 'em; and if we get them rattled, they'll soon be on the run."

Jim Bolt had his crowd about him, some distance off, but what he was saying to them Jack did not know; though he was sure that Bolt was encouraging his men, and telling them that they could "smash" this picked-up team without trouble.

When the game opened, after Jack's team had provided themselves with skates and hockey sticks, Jack discovered that Magoun Tempest, short and stocky as he was, promised to be one of the best of the new men.

He skated low, and with marvelous swiftiness and ease for a fellow of his build.

Nor was Jim Jucklin at all bad.

But Jack relied most on his old Cranford standbys, whose every move he knew; and with Jack again for their leader there were no ice-hockey stunts of which the Cranford fellows were not capable.

The play opened hot right at the start, each side

believing that goals won near the beginning of the game were so much to the good, and could not be taken away no matter what happened afterward.

Jack secured possession of the puck. To escape the dash of the defenders of Bolt's team, he shot it to one side, to Tom; and Tom, with a fine drive, lifted it for goal.

But Miles Long, Jack discovered, was a great goaltender. He was not only quick and strong, with a big, broad body, and sturdy legs, but he had an enormous reach of the arms, and was sure and quick.

He blocked that straight drive, after it had passed the cover point; and then sent it shooting toward the other end of the marked space, with a drive so fierce that when the puck came in contact with Jubal's unpadded leg the boy from Maine for a moment thought the bone was smashed.

Jubal dropped with a limp, but was up again instantly; though the puck had gone by him, and was now in the hands, or, rather, at the end of the stick, of Fleet Sockbasin.

Sockbasin was almost as fine a skater as Bolt himself; and, with the exception of Jack Lightfoot, Bolt had not a superior on the ice that day.

Finding that he was about to lose the puck, Sockbasin drove it to Bolt; and Bolt, skating with it, and dribbling it, took it past Jubal, who made a desperate effort to get it away from him; and then Bolt drove it for the flags.

Lafe blocked it again; and it came to Jack; who sent it once more to Tom.

Reliable Tom lifted it; and it passed cover and point. This time, though Long made a great jump to block it, he missed it by barely a hair's breadth.

"Goal!" roared Jubal, as the puck went between the flags.

"First blood for our side!" cried Tempest, his eyes shining like those of an aroused cat.

A little later Jim Bolt drove the puck home; and then, a minute later, he did the same thing again; thus putting his team in the lead.

"If I had a team of players who were all as good as Bolt, I could beat anything ever on the ice," was Jack's thought.

Jack could admire fine work even in an opponent.

He saw that if he won from Bolt and his men he would have to do such playing as he had never done before.

He was now in the heat of the game; his gray-blue eyes wide open, his face flushed. He saw the peril; yet he was cool, as always when danger became greatest. It was only when he stood off calmly contemplating a thing that Jack, seeing then all the chances of failure, was likely to lose confidence.

He felt that more depended on the winning of this match than the mere game itself; and, so feeling, he quieted his jumping nerves, took stock of his men, and played his game to win.

Lampton, Jucklin, and Tempest were nearest Jack's goal. Before him, as forwards, were the other fellows from Cranford and Lee Willis.

Jack began to rely now on Tom and Jubal chiefly, shooting the puck to them whenever he could, using team-work to the best of his ability. Tom could always be depended on, and Jubal was not slow.

Again having the puck, Jack sent it to Tom.

Tom tried for goal, after a dribble, and failed.

Jubal secured the puck, and skippied it to Jack, who was watching for it.

The forwards of the opposition bore down on him like lightning, and Bolt's stick was reaching out. Then the puck flew away from Bolt, sent by Jack in a beautiful drive.

Again it went between the flags, in spite of the efforts of Miles Long to stop it.

The game was a tie.

Before another goal drive could be made by either side, the first half of the game came to an end.

When the brief wait ended, goals were changed, and the fight raged anew.

The crowd that had gathered to witness this hot contest was augmenting constantly; and there came wild cheers now and then from the upper classmen who had assembled and were watching the game with feverish interest.

Bolt drove goal again; and then Julian Glaze had a fall of luck and sent the rubber between the flags.

"Two in the lead!" yelled one of Bolt's sympathizers. "Do 'em up!" And then the wild yells of the upper classman rang over the ice.

Time was flying, and Bolt's men were well in the lead and sure now of victory.

Then overconfidence reaped its reward.

Bolt shot the puck for goal again, but missed making it; and when the battered rubber came bouncing back Jack secured it, drove it to Tom, and Tom, with a mighty stroke, sent it home once more.

Jack Lightfoot's face had paled.

Jubal secured the puck and went with it like lightning toward the goal of his opponents; then lost it to Glaze, who sent it skipping back. A hot scrimmage resulted, with a mix-up of flying skates and striking hockey sticks; and out of the midst of it Jack drove the puck once more to Tom, who was ready for it.

Again Tom sent it flying.

Cover point and point leaped for it, and Miles Long interposed his sturdy legs; but it went between them—and between the flags.

A tie again!

"Now fellows!" said Jack, as he shot the puck once more to Jubal, who drove it to Tom.

Tom lost it, however, caused by a violation of the rules on the part of Glaze.

But Jack took it from Glaze.

He knew the time was about up; and he made a quick, long drive, lifting the rubber a foot or two above the ice and sending it flying.

"Goal!" yelled Tempest, before the puck was between the flags.

Jack saw that the timekeeper was lifting his whistle to his lips.

But a goal it was, before the whistle blew.

"We win!" screeched Tempest exultingly.

Then Jim Bolt began to "kick," claiming that there had been a violation of the rules—that Jack had been off-side when he received the puck.

Bolt's face was pale as death now, and his friends looked startled.

Some of the new students were stirring up enough courage to cheer for Jack's team and its victory.

"By cracky, it's aour game!" Jube howled at Bolt.

Jack felt confident that it was, if the officials were not biased.

"We won the game!" he said quietly, backing Jubal, but with a heaving of the chest and a flashing of his blue-gray eyes.

The officials gave it to him, in spite of the "kick" of Bolt and his friends—an unjust kick, made merely in desperation.

There was a wicked light in Bolt's face.

"You won that on a unfair decision," he cried; "and, besides, we didn't have Kennedy with us! If we'd had Kennedy."

Jack laughed.

"That's right—let yourself down easy," he advised; "I don't blame you for wanting to."

The news that Jack Lightfoot had got together a "scrub" team of new students and had defeated the regular academy hockey team, led by Jim Bolt, created a tremendous sensation at the academy.

There were not lacking many to declare that the thing had been an "accident"; and still others to say that it would not have happened if Kid Kennedy had led the team.

Bolt had made that claim; but when others began to say it he took offense, and changed his tune.

"Accidents will happen," he declared, in justification of his leadership. "Kennedy wouldn't have done better than I did. They had the luck to make that last drive. If Long hadn't slipped it wouldn't have got by him; and if Lightfoot hadn't violated the rules he couldn't have made the drive, anyway. It was a combination of fraud and accident. What I'm kicking against is the decision that gave 'em the game; and I'm kicking against that like a steer."

Still, this did not lessen the sensation.

The news that a "scrub" team had beaten Bolt and his players went farther than the academy walls, and finally found its way into the columns of the local paper, thus spreading it broadcast and calling attention to the fact that at the academy a new player had come on the scene who had talents of a very noticeable kind.

But there were other things to engross Jack's immediate attention.

Those black charges still hung like a thundercloud over his head.

This hockey victory was paltry enough if he could not establish his innocence; for then he should have to leave the academy, and leave it in disgrace almost as soon as he had entered it.

CHAPTER XII.

KITTY PERCIVAL'S DISCOVERY.

Before starting to school, the next morning, Kitty Percival, called to the door by a ring at the door-bell, was given a letter by a boy.

It was in a sealed envelope; but, thinking it was for herself, Kitty tore the end off the envelope and glanced at the letter, as the boy turned back toward the gate.

What she saw astonished and bewildered her, and at the same time gave her a shock of fright:

Then she turned the envelope over, and saw that it was not addressed to her, but to her brother Sid:

The letter contained in the envelope was from Ben Birkett, and was meant for Sid's eyes alone:

"Mr. Sidney Percival," it ran; "I called twice at your house yesterday to see you. Some way I never find you in. Perhaps you have been in when I called and didn't want to see me. But, let me tell you, that I'm in earnest. You know as well as I do who struck Kid Kennedy on the head with that club, and so does Kid. It's no secret among your crowd at the academy. I did it for revenge, in the first place. Now I find out that you have laid it on Jack Lightfoot, and that the chances are good that he'll go out by the neck. I don't care for that; there isn't any love lost between us. I'd like to see him disgraced. But, what I'm coming at is this. I'm in need of money. I went to Kid Kennedy for money and he insulted me, and I got even with him. Now I'm coming to you, and if you've got good sense you'll treat me different. You see what I can do: I can make a confession of the fact that I pounded Kid's head; and that I did it because he insulted me; and then that will show that you fellows are putting the thing up to Jack as spite work. Old Chubb won't like that a little bit, and you know it. I rather think if I do that that you and Kid and some more of you will be the ones to go out of the academy, kicked out. What I want you to do is to send me fifty dollars this morning. If it doesn't come I'm coming again to see you; and then if you don't cough up I'm

going to blow the whole thing to Chubb. You think I'll be afraid to do it? Well, that's where you don't know me. I'm in a close corner here and have got to get out of the town, anyhow; and when I make my jump I'll do it in a way to put all of your crowd in a great big hole if you don't cough up the dough.

"Yours for the money,

"BIRKETT."

Kitty Percival read that letter through with staring eyes—read the whole of it, even though before she had got half-way down the closely written pages she knew that the letter was not for her.

She ran out to the gate and looked at the retreating form of the boy who had delivered it. Apparently, he was some regular messenger boy, employed by Birkett for this purpose.

When she went back into the house that scared look was still on her face.

She had heard that Jack Lightfoot was in trouble, charged with an assault on Kid Kennedy. She had not wanted to believe that charge, and she had questioned Sid about it, getting rather evasive answers.

Now she was horrified to find that Sid knew that Jack did not do it, and that he was engaged in a conspiracy to lay the crime on Jack for the sole purpose of disgracing him and having him dismissed from the academy.

Kitty had never had a high opinion of Ben Birkett. It was less now. But what of her brother, and of Kid Kennedy, and those others who were linked with them in this dastardly attempt to down Jack Lightfoot?

Kitty Percival was a sane and right-minded girl. She had her faults—as who has not? She understood something of the class feeling as it exists in schools, for there was much of it in the girls' school which she attended. But she had never encountered it in so virulent a type as this.

She was wondering what she ought to do, and was asking herself how she could explain to Sid how she came to open that letter by mistake, when Sid came into the house.

Her resolve was at once taken. She would meet this thing fairly and squarely, without an attempt to conceal anything.

So she went out into the hall.

"Sid," she called, "I want to speak to you a minute; I've got something to show you."

Sid saw that her face was very red, as he came into the room where she awaited him. He had a guilty feeling, and everything suspicious made him uneasy. Still he was not prepared for what followed.

"What does this letter mean, Sid?" she asked, giving it to him.

Sid glanced at it, and at the name at the bottom, and began to read it through, catching the meaning almost immediately.

"Why—why——"

He looked at her.

"Where did you get this?"

"It's yours, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, of course; but how did you get hold of it?"

He began to crumple it in his hands.

"I've read it through," she announced.

His face was hot with flushes, and he turned on her angrily.

"What right have you to be reading my letters?"

"None; and I didn't intend to read it; and wouldn't if I'd known that——"

"But you opened it—opened my letter! It's my name on the envelope."

"I opened it before I knew it was yours."

"Is that the way——"

"Now, see here, Sid," she said. "I've discovered what's in that letter. Do you think that's right?"

"What's right? It's not right for you to open and read my letters."

"But is that right—that trick you're playing on Jack Lightfoot, and the professors at the academy?"

"You didn't seem much sorry even when Kid did get his head busted open!" he sputtered.

"Yes, I was sorry, Sid, and you know it; but is that right?"

"It's none of your affair!"

"I think it is."

"In what way?"

"I don't want my brother to do a thing like that."

"Pay that money, you mean? Of course I won't."

"You know what I mean, Sid. Won't you go to

Professor Chubb, or some of those professors or instructors, and tell them the truth about that—that Jack Lightfoot did not do that, but that Ben Birkett did?"

He sat down heavily in a chair, and stared at her.

"It's clear that you and Kid and some others have got up a scheme to injure Jack Lightfoot," she said.

"And you want to help him out of it!"

"I don't want you to do wrong."

"Well, he's a——"

"He saved my life on that trestle, Sid."

"Wouldn't any fellow have done that if he'd seen your danger? Does that give him a right to——"

Her face was pale.

"The trouble with you is, that you're stuck on him!" he declared angrily, and in a way to bring tears to her eyes. "It's always the way with a girl! Let her take a fancy to a fellow and she's ready to make a fool of herself, just as you'd do."

"Sid!"

"Well, I mean it!" he fumed.

"You don't mean anything of the kind, Sid."

"Don't I?"

"Of course you don't."

"What do I mean, then?"

"You're saying those things because you're mad."

"Well, I am mad! What right have you to go to opening my letters, I'd like to know?"

"None. I didn't know it was your letter."

"Well, then, if you've no right, keep still about it. Birkett was a fool for writing this, and I'll tell him so."

"You're not going to see Ben Birkett, Sid?"

"I'm not! I'd like to break his head for him!"

"Sid, won't you go to Professor Chubb with that letter?"

"Show Chubb that letter? I guess not!"

"Or tell him what you know—that Jack didn't do that, and that Birkett did?"

"Not in a hurry, I won't."

"You won't go?"

"No, I won't."

Then he became furious again, raging because she had read the letter.

She sat looking at him, while he raged his fury out.

"Sid, I've always been proud of you! I still want to be proud of you. And I'd like to think well of Kid."

"Yet you'd throw him down for this Jack Lightfoot, when he's the best all-round fellow there ever was in this town."

"You can't afford not to tell the truth about this—can't afford to do such a wrong as that," she urged.

He twisted uneasily.

"Why do you want to put your fingers into it?"

"But it isn't right. Is it right to lay on Jack Lightfoot a thing he never thought of doing, and perhaps have him turned out of the academy on account of it?"

"Oh, you're stuck on him, all right!"

Kitty continued her arguments and entreaties; but she failed to move her brother.

"I'll have to tell father!" she threatened.

"Yes, that's just like a girl—run and blab!"

"I'll certainly have to tell him."

"Well, tell him, then! But if you do I'm through with you, even if you are my sister!"

He was furious again. To have the secret discovered in this way, and to be threatened in this way, seemed to him just then to be unendurable.

"I won't talk to you any more about it," he said, rising in wrath. "If you'd attended to your own business, instead of mine, you wouldn't got hold of this letter."

Then he flounced out of the room, and a little later she heard him leave the house.

She knew that he was going for a conference with Julian Glaze and the others.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT FOLLOWED.

Kitty Percival was in a troubled frame of mind when Sid left the house in that manner. She went into the other room and looked at the clock.

"Almost school time," she said aloud. "What shall I do?"

She had already been much troubled by the fact of Jack Lightfoot's arrest and possible disgrace, though she had not admitted the fact to her brother. She was even more deeply distressed now.

As her father had gone down-town and she would not get to see him until the noon hour, and possibly not until night, she went now in search of her mother, only to find that she, too, was absent from the house.

She looked again at the clock and made a mental calculation.

That morning, as she knew, Jack Lightfoot was to appear before the magistrate and answer to the charge of having murderously assaulted Kid Kennedy.

It was evident now that Kennedy knew Jack was not guilty of that deed, yet it was equally evident that he meant to lay the blame on Jack. In addition to being dismissed from the academy, the chances were good that Jack might get to see the inside of a prison for a crime he had not committed.

Kitty Percival was eminently a right-minded girl. She knew that this was horrible wrong and injustice. She wanted to right it.

But——

She sat down, hesitating.

If she exposed the knowledge which had come into her hands, she would expose her brother Sid. Possibly, as a result, Sid would be expelled from the academy for the part he had taken in the conspiracy against Jack. It was a thing to bid her pause.

She trembled as she thought this over. She admired Jack Lightfoot and wanted to see the right done, but she loved her brother.

* * * * *

Jack Lightfoot was not in the best of spirits as he talked with his Cranford friends in his room that morning. They were getting ready to accompany him to the magistrate's office, and were saying whatever cheering things they could think of to keep him in good heart.

Yet Jack knew how really serious the outlook was.

It was stated that Kid Kennedy would identify him positively as the one who had struck him down with the club, and there were rumors that some of Kid's friends would testify to hearing words from Jack in condemnation of himself as he stood over Kennedy, as the latter lay on the snowy walk.

That Jack had been the one to find Kennedy lying

there and showed a Good Samaritan spirit seemed the thing that might now condemn him.

Of course, he could deny the charge, and would do it with vehemence; but courts have learned to expect that people charged with crimes and law violations will deny their guilt.

Jack consulted his watch quite as seriously as Kitty Percival had consulted the clock.

"I guess we'd better be moving," he said finally. "Some of the fellows have already gone."

They had been seen to depart from the campus some time before.

"I tell you it will come out all right!" was Lafe's optimistic declaration.

"I've got a good lawyer for you, Jack," said Tom, "and he'll fight the thing for you to the finish!"

Then a change came, with a quickness that was as gratifying as it was surprising.

As they passed down from the dormitory and were walking out by the main path, Gregory Smoot, Professor Chubb's messenger and servant, came out of the office, having seen them. Smoot was wide-awake now, and his face twinkled as brightly as the buttons on his blue coat.

"This way!" he said, beckoning with his finger.

"Chubb wants to confer with you about the trial," said Tom; and he and the others turned with Jack to follow Smoot.

But when they entered Chubb's office they found there a letter which Chubb had been reading intently.

It was not the letter which Ben Birkett had sent to Sid Percival, but one which Kitty had herself written to Chubb, and had hurried to him by a special messenger.

It did not tell him how she came to possess the important information she communicated, nor did it state what she knew of the conspiracy against Jack; but it did state that she had learned that Ben Birkett was the one who had struck Kid Kennedy over the head with that club; and it asked that Birkett should be arrested and questioned, when she was sure he would confess.

Chubb rose from his big chair and began to fish for his hat and greatcoat, while at the same time he turned the letter over to Jack Lightfoot, asking him to read it.

"I'm going down to the magistrate's with you," he said, as calmly as he could, "and there we will get out a warrant for the arrest of this Ben Birkett, and force him to tell what he knows."

Jubal and Lafe could hardly repress a roar of pleasure when they understood this.

"I felt sure it would come out all right, Jack," was Tom's comment, as he clapped his cousin warmly on the shoulder. "You know that bit of verse:

"Ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done!"

* * * * *

Ben Birkett had apparently been "tipped" by somebody; for when an officer was sent to bring him into court it was found that he had "jumped the town."

But, though Chubb and the magistrate did not know as much about the mysterious assault on Kid Kennedy as Kitty Percival could have told if she had given out all she knew, enough was soon known to cause Chubb to ask that the case against Jack should be dismissed.

And this was done.

"Mr. Lightfoot," said Chubb, later, when he had a chance to speak to Jack without others hearing him, "I want to tell you that, personally, I am delighted to know that those charges against you were so ill-founded. I have questioned Mr. Kennedy, and he admits now that he is not sure that you struck him. He thought it must have been you; but I pointed out to him that that was no proof whatever. Personally, Mr. Lightfoot, I am delighted; for, you see, I can't help remembering my little boy, Billy."

Then he extended his fat hand and gave Jack a warm hand clasp.

Jack Lightfoot had not merely won at ice hockey; he had gained a double victory.

THE END.

In our next issue, No. 55, "Jack Lightfoot's Peril; or, Treachery on the Ice," we will find that things grow still warmer at Seagirt Academy, as Jack's enemies continue to work him injury; but it is hard to down a boy who has learned to rely at all times upon his own powers; nevertheless, what they try to do makes interesting reading, and you will never regret securing a copy of our next week's issue, No. 55.

HOW TO DO THINGS

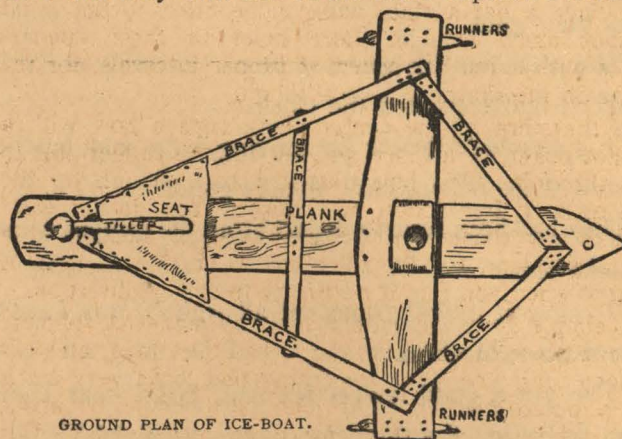
By AN OLD ATHLETE.

Timely essays and hints upon various athletic sports and pastimes in which our boys are usually deeply interested, and told in a way that may be easily understood. Instructive articles may be found in back numbers of the ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY, as follows: No. 31, "How to Make a Cheap Skiff." No. 32, "Archery." No. 33, "Cross-Country Running." No. 34, "The Game of Lacrosse." No. 35, "The Boy With a Hobby for Collecting." No. 36, "Football, and How to Play It." No. 37, "A Practice Game." No. 38, "How to Play Football—Training." No. 39, "The Men in the Line." No. 40, "The Men Behind." No. 41, "Signal Systems." No. 42, "Team Play." No. 43, "The End of the Season." No. 44, "A Gymnasium Without Apparatus." (I.) No. 45, "A Gymnasium Without Apparatus." (II.) No. 46, "Bag-Punching." No. 47, "Camping." No. 48, "Cruising in Small Boats." No. 49, "Snow-Shoe and Skee Work." No. 50, "How to Make and Use a Toboggan." No. 51, "Tip-Ups for Pickerel Fishing Through the Ice." No. 52, Winter Sports. No. 53, "Fancy Skating."

HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL AN ICE-BOAT.

Although the majority of young people have indulged in skating, bob-sledding, and many of the other forms of winter amusement, comparatively few have enjoyed the pleasures of ice-boating. The apparatus formerly required was more elaborate than that used in the other sports, and more or less preparation was necessary before a person became fully launched, as it were. But these difficulties no longer confront the boy who wishes to take part in this enjoyable sport, but feels that he must be denied the pleasure because of its expensiveness. When ice-yachting was in the experimental stage, an experienced carpenter was generally commissioned to build the

crease the efficiency of its sailing qualities, costs about twelve hundred dollars to build. But ours will not reach such a figure, by any means. Three dollars will probably cover the cost of the ALL-SPORTS ice-boat. And we dare say that our young friends will derive as much pleasure from its use as some of their more fortunate elders who may own one of the more expensive kind.



GROUND PLAN OF ICE-BOAT.

Ice-yachting has probably reached its fullest development in the United States, while only three countries abroad—Russia, Sweden, and Norway—have taken up the sport with any degree of seriousness. It is easy to see from this that its popularity depends upon the rigorous climate, not to be found in other parts of Europe or in America, with the exception of the Dominion of Canada.

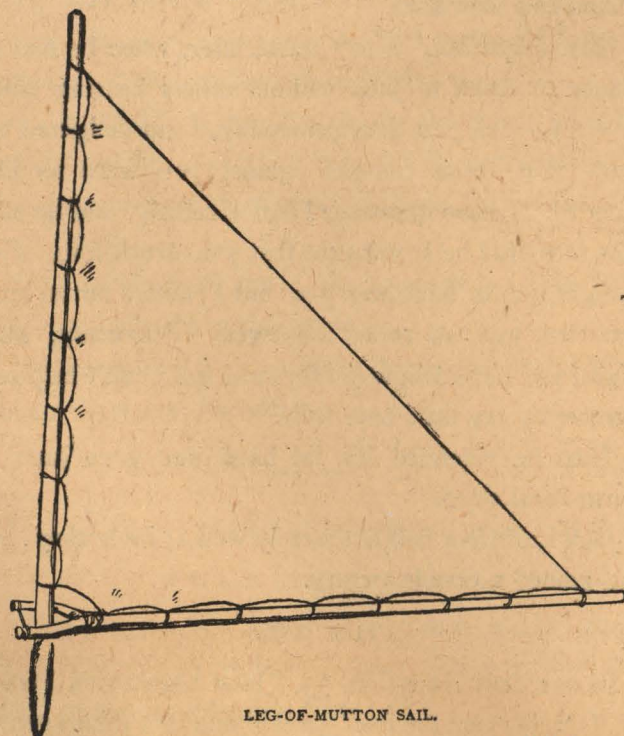
The Russian River Club holds contests nearly every winter over a part of that immense expanse of water known as the Gulf of Finland, a large portion of which freezes to the depth of several feet. A Swedish club, in 1901, had a vast fleet of ice-boats built; and, strange to say, after American designs. This only goes to show that the Americans are recognized abroad as being the most capable designers of this kind of craft, as well as builders and racers of international cup yachts.

The first American ice-boat of which there is any record was a great deal different from what we see nowadays. It was built 'way back in 1790 by Oliver Booth, who lived at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and resembled an oblong dry-goods box. It was set on three iron runners, two held stationary in front and one rigged with a tiller at the back as a kind of rudder. From all accounts, it was a very serviceable "tub," and answered the purpose for which it was designed, although its owner no doubt had to be contented with a slower rate of speed than modern "ice sailors" are used to.

As late as the year 1850 ice-boats were built on the same plan; but, five years later, there was one constructed on the Shrewsbury River, New Jersey, on a somewhat different order. It was a three-cornered, platform affair, equipped with iron runners having a sharp, cutting edge, and carrying a jib in addition to the sprit-sails used on the others.

The principle of construction in the ALL-SPORTS ice-boat is somewhat similar, though its various parts are simple and easy to make. Two small pieces of lumber, an inch thick, three old skates, and two boards comprise the material necessary to make your ice-boat.

Such a craft can be rigged like a catboat, or with a jib and mainsail. Use a plank six feet long and six inches wide for the body. Nail a piece of board three and a



LEG-OF-MUTTON SAIL.

craft, but to-day any boy who can use tools fairly well should be able to make an ice-boat good enough for all practicable purposes if he observes the fundamental principles which govern its construction; and he should be able to use it if he pays attention to a few simple rules in the matter of sailing.

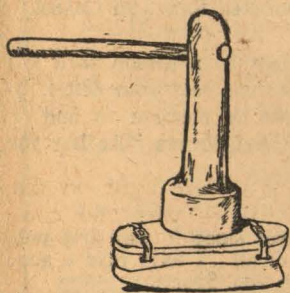
A first-class ice-boat, fully equipped with all the modern appliances that a succession of racing contests have demonstrated advisable to add from time to time to in-

half feet long by six inches in width on the other to form a cross. Be sure that each side of the crosspiece is of equal distance from the middle plank. The crosspiece should measure one foot from the prow. Two blocks six inches long and three inches wide should be secured at the ends of the crosspiece to hold the runners, which had better be made out of old-fashioned skates, as they have a flat surface and can be fitted to the wood without much trouble. Bore holes in these runner-blocks with a red-hot poker, at proper intervals, for the straps on the skates to pass through.

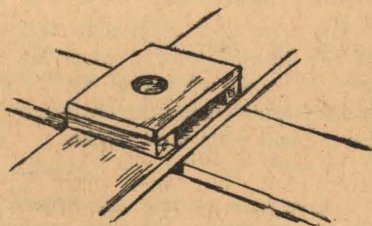
In the stern of the center plank bore a hole with a red-hot poker, or a brace and bit, for the rudder-post to pass through. This hole must be large enough for the post to have free action in turning. You do not want to take any chances of the steering-gear sticking at a crucial moment, for the tiller has to be thrown over in a hurry when you find it necessary to change direction.

A simple form of rudder may be made as follows: Take a piece of oak one and a half feet long, and cut it away until you have something that looks very much like a potato-masher. The club part should be about four inches in diameter and three inches high. Cut down the handle till it is smooth and round, measuring one inch across at the top. Screw the club end to a board an inch thick, and shaped to fit the part of the skate where the foot generally rests. To make the rudder additionally secure, bring the skate-straps up around this flat piece of wood. Pierce the upper part of the tiller for a crosspiece, which the hands can grip in steering.

Having made the rudder, the hardest part of the work is accomplished. Nail strips of pine, an inch and a half wide, from the stern to the ends of the large crosspiece, and from there to the bow. These braces strengthen the body of the ice-boat and make it as solid as a rock. Bore a hole at the intersection of the two large planks forming the cross, and insert a mast about eight feet high. To prevent the mast from slipping out of place, nail two blocks the width of the crosspiece, so that they will be on a line with the side of the center plank. Nail a half-inch piece of board to them, and bore a hole through it directly over the hole in the crosspiece itself. This contrivance is called a "mast bench."



TILLER.



MAST BENCH.

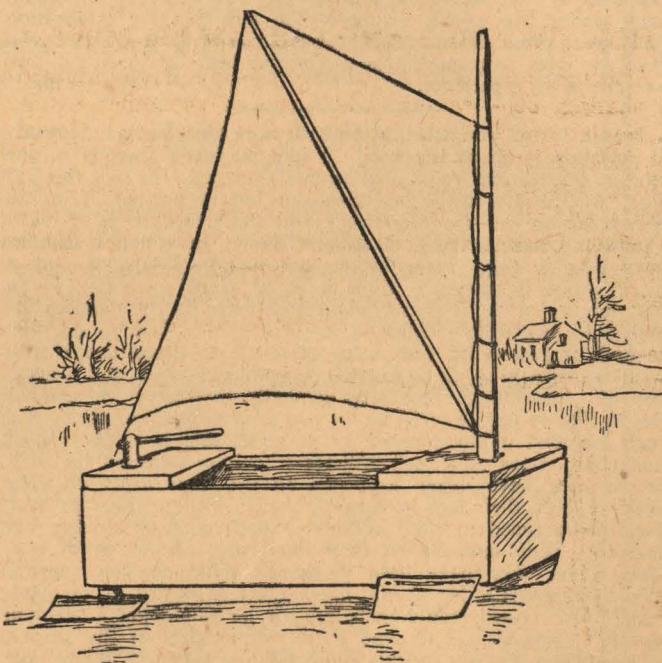
Of course you need a seat, for you want to be as comfortable as possible. Sailing an ice-boat is arduous work, and our young captain will soon find that a place to sit on, besides the narrow plank, is not to be scorned. Nail a board half-an-inch thick to the stern-braces, as shown in the cut, giving the top view of the ice-boat. One of grandmother's cushions placed on the seat will make ice-yachting seem a great deal more enjoyable than sitting on the bare board.

Shrouds can be rigged from the top of the mast to the ends of the crosspieces if it is so desired, but you will probably find that the "mast bench" is sufficient.

The easiest sail for you to make, and the best for a craft of this kind, is the leg-of-mutton. It is triangular in shape and comes to a point at the masthead, doing away with a gaff. Use a good, strong duck to make the sail. Only a few yards are needed for a small craft like this, and, with the help of some obliging female member of the family to do the sewing, your sail will be ready in the course of an hour or two.

A lake is the best place for ice-boating, since it is free from tides, which disturb the even surface and crack the ice.

An ice-boat cannot sail closer to the wind than thirty degrees, or two and two-thirds points. The best course



ICE-BOAT, 1790.

that will take the yacht farthest to the windward is sixty degrees, or five and one-third points. An ice-yacht reaches its greatest speed at one hundred and twenty degrees, or ten and two-thirds points, from the wind. Its speed is then twice that of the wind. Of course we are now speaking of the very largest boats. Some of them have been known to attain a speed of eighty miles an hour. While you cannot expect to have your ice-boat go at any such hair-raising swiftness, it will sail fast enough to give you an idea how these craft can skim over the ice.

Dress warm for this sport. Your clothing cannot be too thick. The only time your craft can be of any use is when there is a brisk breeze, and you will find the wind sharp and cutting. See that you wear thick gloves, ear-muffs, a large comforter about the neck, heavy wristbands, and stout shoes. If one is dressed for the severe weather, and goes right home, instead of standing on the bank after the sport is finished for the day, there should be no danger of catching cold. We hope that our young friends who take to this enjoyable form of winter amusement will find it as interesting as we did years ago, when we made our first ice-boat and sailed over the broad expanse of the noble Hudson.

A CHAT WITH YOU

Under this general head we purpose each week to sit around the camp-fire, and have a heart-to-heart talk with those of our young readers who care to gather there, answering such letters as may reach us asking for information with regard to various healthy sports, both indoor and out. We should also be glad to hear what you think of the leading characters in your favorite publication. It is the editor's desire to make this department one that will be eagerly read from week to week by every admirer of the Jack Lightfoot stories, and prove to be of valuable assistance in building up manly, healthy Sons of America. All letters received will be answered immediately, but may not appear in print under five weeks, owing to the fact that the publication must go to press far in advance of the date of issue. Those who favor us with correspondence will please bear this in mind, and exercise a little patience.

THE EDITOR.

I wish to tell you what I think of your ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY. It certainly is all to the good. I like all the characters in the stories, thieves and ruffians of course excepted. Except the *Tip Top*, ALL-SPORTS is the best five-cent library printed. I would like much to see the Merriwells and the Cranford boys meet. We would have some good honest rivalry in athletics such as have been a very scarce article heretofore. I wish to say a word about ju-jutsu. I think it is all right. I notice in an old number of ALL-SPORTS, where you refer to the dangers attached to practising the art of ju-jutsu, and I wish to say that I think it just what you make of it. It is dangerous if you wish to make it so, as is football, wrestling, boxing, and a number of other things boys are generally interested in. And I would like to ask if there is not some bone-breaking tricks and such included in the practise of ju-jutsu, and if so, how is it that none of the American athletes who have defeated the little brown men have never happened to get their arms or their neck, or even their legs or backs broken? I think the Japs have been handicapped in their actions in such contests by the fact that they could not use all their knowledge of the art in contests where they have been defeated. What do you suppose would happen if a Jap should break the arm or leg of an opponent? The crowd would mob him, or he would get a term in prison. I would like to read more of the girls in the stories. The stories are just simply immense. I want to thank Mr. Stevens for the many pleasant hours I have spent reading his great stories; they certainly are the product of a fertile brain. I would like you to print this in the Chat page of your great little weekly, ALL-SPORTS. Now hear me give one long cheer:

Here is to Jack Lightfoot,
The boy of powerful mind!
May his youth be spent usefully
And his old age happy and sublime.

Wishing you and Mr. Stevens success, I will close,
Durant, Ind. Ter. UNKNOWN TEXAN.

It would be great sport to see the teams in *Tip Top* play the football and baseball teams in ALL-SPORTS. Everybody who is at all interested in athletics would turn out to see those games. There would be so many people who wanted to see the game that we know of no athletic field big enough to hold the attendance. As you say, the Japs would not dare to use any bone-breaking ju-jutsu tricks before an American audience, for the Americans would never countenance anything that was not fair and square. It is surprising to hear you suggest that we start a detective library when the famous *Nick Carter Weekly* is so well known and widely read. These are the best detective stories ever written.

I am a Newburg boy, and have read the ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY from the first number to the latest issue. I like it very much. It is the best that I ever saw. All I can say is that it is great. Three cheers for the finest weekly that was ever published! I like the Chat column ever so much, and read every line. I also

think that the "How To Do Things" page is fine. It is very helpful, and should be seen by all boys who want information about outdoor sports. Will you please tell me something about Joe Donoghue, the skater who was champion?

Newburg, N. Y.

PATRICK JONES.

Joe Donoghue was born in your own town, February 11, 1871, and first became known as a roller-skating champion when he was only thirteen years old. He won this race in the Olympic Rink on Landers Street. He afterward won several races in near-by towns, and later appeared at Albany, in 1887, when he defeated fifteen opponents in a one-mile race. On the same day he defeated eight other good skaters in a five-mile race. The nearest man behind him finished half-a-mile away. In the season of 1888-89 he went to Europe and skated against the Russian, Dutch, and English champions. They were expert, but he defeated them all. In Amsterdam he made the fastest time for the two-mile course, when he established a record of six minutes and twenty-four seconds. He won many other victories, but at last was defeated by John S. Johnson at Red Bank, N. J., February 16, 1893.

Hurrah! Hurrah! a new one has come, and it is the best one of them all without any exception. I ought to know, for I've read every number up to 43. Jack and Lafe are even, in my estimation; Jubal and Tom next, with Brodie, Nat, Ned, Wilson, Phil, Mack following. Reel ain't so bad as they make him, for see what he did for Cranford in the football field when he played half-back, the reliable position Jack so nobly filled.

Bicycle racing is so unknown to weeklies that I think it would make a hit if Jack should make a ten-man team to ride, say, five or ten miles apiece against another city club. The century run Jack had was all right in a way, but, as I belong to a bicycle club, I would like to see something exciting. I think during the summer Jack could easily race some other club for a cup. Our club is four years old and we have fourteen cups to our credit. I hope you will not take this as a butting-in way to you, but as a hint to the author.

Nellie is the favorite girl and the one I think Jack likes best, for Kate is too quick-tempered, falling back on Jack for every little occasion.

Hoping my request for races will be noted, and this letter printed in the weekly, I close, ever an ardent admirer of ALL-SPORTS,

FOOTBALL FAN AND CRANK.

San Francisco, Cal.

You team with suggestions and might be a person with lots of new ideas. Perhaps, when Mr. Stevens sees your letter, he will act upon what you say. It must be pleasant to find so many friends among the characters in ALL-SPORTS. At last you have found your ideal weekly.

I have been reading ALL-SPORTS ever since it was first published, and think it the finest weekly of all. I have read a good many books, but none can come up to ALL-SPORTS.

My favorite of the boys is Jack, with Lafe and Tom. The best and bravest of the girls is Kate.

I also like Jubal, Brodie, Phil, Ned, and all the rest of them. I am glad we are going to hear of Jack and his friends going to college.

Wishing success to Maurice S., Winner Library Company, and ALL-SPORTS,
Jefferson, Wis. E. A. R. H.

Your sentiments are sound, and we only hope, E. A. R. H., that you think to tell all your boy friends what a jolly comrade you have found in ALL-SPORTS, so that they, too, may enjoy its contents each week.

TALES OF ADVENTURE IN A BIG CITY

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PRICE, FIVE CENTS

Every boy will be delighted to read these adventures of a plucky lad among the good and bad inhabitants that swarm the streets of New York. The "Bowery Boy Library" contains tales of the adventures of a poor waif whose name is "Bowery Billy." Billy is a true product of the streets of New York. Beneath his ragged jacket there beats a heart as true as steel and as unswerving in its devotion to his friends as the course of the earth in its orbit.

Billy is the personification of "right makes might." No true boy can read the tales of his trials and successes without imbibing some of that resource and courage that makes the character of this homeless lad stand out so prominently. Boys, if you want the most interesting stories ever written about a boy, do not fail to read the "Bowery Boy Library" every week. You will be more than satisfied with the investment of your nickel.

HERE ARE THE TITLES

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| 1—Bowery Billy, the Street Vagabond; or, A Boy Hero in Rags. | 11—Bowery Billy in Luck; or, Move-Along Mac, the Mercer Street Moke. |
| 2—Bowery Billy's Chinese Puzzle; or, Holding Up the Pig Tails. | 12—Bowery Billy's Runabout Race; or, The Brigands of Brooklyn Bridge. |
| 3—Bowery Billy, the Dock Rat; or, A Bootblack Among the River Pirates. | 13—Bowery Billy's Blazed Trail; or, The Man Hunters of Manhattan. |
| 4—Bowery Billy on Deck; or, The Trail of the Gotham Firebugs. | 14—Bowery Billy's Side Line; or, A Whirl of Fortune's Wheel. |
| 5—Bowery Billy's Bootblack Pard; or, Righting a Great Wrong. | 15—Bowery Billy, the Bootblack Reporter; or, Tracking the Trackers. |
| 6—Bowery Billy's Bargain Day; or, Following a Strange Clue. | 16—Bowery Billy's Bluff; or, Tad Wrinkles, the Wire Tapper. |
| 7—Bowery Billy's Business Racket; or, The Boy Beagle in a New Deal. | 17—Bowery Billy's Benefit; or, The Grandee of Grand Street. |
| 8—Bowery Billy's Best Job; or, The Street Gamin Detective in Clover. | 18—Bowery Billy's Best; or, A Chip of the Old Block. |
| 9—Bowery Billy's Mark-Down; or, A Corner in City Crooks. | 19—Bowery Billy's Blind; or, Thistle, the Tompkins Street Trimmer. |
| 10—Bowery Billy's Twin; or, A Boy Ferret Among the Dagos. | 20—Bowery Billy's Set-Back; or, Thistle Tom's Treachery. |

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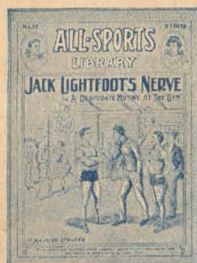
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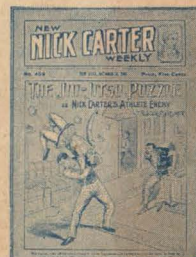
TIP TOP WEEKLY



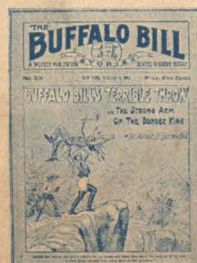
Frank and Dick Merriwell are two brothers whose adventures in college and on the athletic field are of intense interest to the American boy of to-day. They prove that a boy does not have to be a rowdy to have exciting sport.

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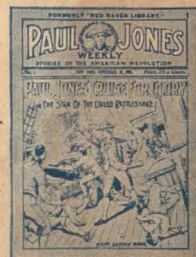
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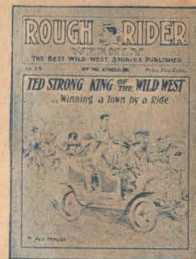
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